THE BODYGUARD

Written by

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Rewrite by

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A Tig Production
Produced by Lawrence Kasdan and
Kevin Costner
in association with
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FIRST DRAFT

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SCREEN IS BLACK

THREE BOOMING GUNSHOTS. Two from one gun, one from another. So fast and close, they're barely distinguishable. The sound of the SHOTS ECHOES against concrete walls and dies away. SILENCE.

SLOW, SLOW, FADE IN.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE (NEW YORK) - FRANK FARMER'S FACE - DAY

mid to late thirties, peers intently over a smoking gun. He is The Bodyguard.

ANGLE - HIT MAN

dead on his feet, leans against a car. A gun drops heavily from his hand. His life ebbs as he slides slowly down the car door to his knees then falls forward, face down on the cement floor.

A SLOW PULL BACK reveals that Frank is lying on top of KLINGMAN. Protectively pressed body to body on the filthy cement floor of the garage. Klingman, a handsome, fifty-year-old abitrageur, gasps in barely controlled fear as his Armani suit soaks up a black pool of oil. There is no movement.

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The two men are lying near the right front fender of a gray limousine. Blood spreads from the body of the hit man, a few yards away.

Farmer slowly raises himself off his employer's body, gradually accepting the fact that danger has passed. Still shielding Klingman, he gets to his feet. His free hand rests gently on Klingman, who rises peering from behind Farmer like a terrified child.

MAIN TITLE BEGINS

a beat, and VOICES are head O.S.. Farmer wheels, snub nosed .357 aimed at them.

FRANK
Freeze!

ANGLE - DOORWAY TO GARAGE

A uniformed chauffeur freezes in his tracks. Farmer lowers his weapon and speaks.

FRANK
(calm, but an order)
Call 911.

INT. DESK TOP

A battered old desk. Scattered across the top: a pile of blank white paper, a jar of glue, a stack of magazines, a pair of scissors.

Hands appear. Immaculately clean, male hands, belonging to a character we'll call Dan. The hands open a drawer and remove a pair of translucent gloves. Carefully they put the gloves on. The SNAPPING of the RUBBER is the only sound.

The hands pick up a pair of scissors, then a magazine from a stack of magazines. A headline on the cover trumpets: RACHEL MARRON'S GREATEST TRIUMPH.

In a SERIES OF QUICK CUTS, from different magazines, Dan cuts out: RACHEL MARRON... YOUR DEVOTED HUSBAND... LOVE IS FOREVER.

EXT. WATTS THRIFT SHOP - DAY

A shop in the heart of Watts. Neighborhood people drift by. A black Cadillac limousine is parked in front. TWO LITTLE BOYS are playing around it, one climbs on the hood.

INT. WATTS THRIFT SHOP - DAY

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HENRY DUPRES, a casually dressed black man in his late twenties, looks out the front of the store. He's been having a cigarette with the OWNER of the store, an obese black woman. He watches the little boy climbing on the hood for a moment, then walks to the front door and speaks to him.

HENRY
Hey man, be cool. You're climbing on my livelihood.

The Boy gets off the car slowly to show he's not afraid.

BOY
This your car?

HENRY
Not likely.

Henry walks back to the counter. Beyond the counter is a makeshift changing room with a curtain for a door. A long skirt comes flopping over the wall of the changing room.

HENRY
(toward the changing room)
Rachel. You're gonna be late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL (V.O.)
Louise, you've got too much great stuff.

OWNER
(laughing)
Take it all, darlin'.

Henry and the Owner look at each other.

INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dan's bedroom is a shrine to Rachel Marron. A giant poster of Rachel stares seductively from the wall above the bed. Hundreds of paparazzi shots of Rachel from a giant montage across another wall.

Three different-sized gift boxes sit on the bed. One is filled with women's lingerie. Dan ENTERS FRAME, his back to us, carrying a veil. He gently lowers the veil into an empty box and retreats to his writing desk.

CLOSE ON NOTECARD

with a flower imprint on one corner. Dan starts to write: My Dearest Wife...

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EXT. ENTRANCE OF KLINGMAN'S MANSION - DUSK

The gray limo we saw in the underground garage stops at the front entrance. Klingman's wife and teenage daughter emerge to greet him. During the hugs and kisses, Farmer remains in the b.g., until Klingman's wife takes notice and gives Frank a kiss. It's awkward but heartfelt. Frank accepts, and follows deferentially as the group heads inside.

INT. KLINGMAN'S OFFICE DEN - NIGHT

In a paneled room tastefully hung with a few choice paintings that reflect Klingman's success as an arbitrageur, he pours a snifter of brandy as he speaks with Farmer.

KLINGMAN
Your hands ever shake, Frank?

FRANK
Sometimes. It's just adrenaline.

KLINGMAN
... How did you know?

FRANK
I saw him washing the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KLINGMAN
I saw him.

FRANK
They don't wash cars on the parking levels.

Klingman raises his glass.

KLINGMAN
To you... In view of my offer to testify as a friendly witness, the federal boys will reduce my sentence to eighteen months.

Frank nods, short of offering congratulations.

KLINGMAN
The catch is, I start serving it immediately.
(he smiles)
Sudden concern for my well being.

FRANK
I'll prepare a final statement of my expenses.

KLINGMAN
You know, I'd like you to stay on.

FRANK
You don't need it.

KLINGMAN
I mean in a permanent position. I could put you into my operation at the executive level.

FRANK
I wouldn't be suited for it. But thank you.

KLINGMAN
Is that a lack of interest in arbitrage or disapproval of what I do?

FRANK
I'm not good in permanent positions, my feet go to sleep.

KLINGMAN
If I can ever do anything... anything... call me. Please.

CONTINUED:

FRANK
I appreciate it.

KLINGMAN
Think nothing of it. I make that offer to everyone who saves my life.

EXT. BEL AIR (CALIFORNIA) - DAY

Rachel Marron's sumptuous mansion, complete with tennis court, swimming pool and acres of manicured grounds.

SY STEIN, Rachel's business manager, sits poolside with a REPORTER -- notebook out, cassette player propped up. Behind them workmen are visible, coming and going with ladders, paint buckets etc: the signs of a major renovation.

The Reporter reaches over and CLICKS OFF her MACHINE.

REPORTER
Stein, you're shitting me.

STEIN
I swear I thought she'd talk to you. I've got a quote for you.

REPORTER
(disdainfully)
This is my exclusive?

STEIN
Rachel says that being part of a film --

REPORTER
Ah, fuck.

STEIN
Do you want it or not?

The Reporter grudgingly goes along.

STEIN
Being a part of a film like Dream Time is a honor enough and to receive a nomination would be more than she would dream. She says the greatest honors are those --

REPORTERS
(getting up)
-- Bestowed by your professional peers. Only they blah, blah, blah...

In the b.g., Dan's white station wagon glides by.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Dan pulls his car to a stop behind a painter's truck. He gets out and takes in the surroundings. The POV continues as seen through Dan's eyes.

Dan opens the hatchback and removes the gift boxes we saw. He carries them toward the front entrance of the house. A painter on a scaffold above the open front door glances down, nods hello, and goes back to work as Dan enters.

INT. MARRON HOUSE - DAN'S POV - DAY

We see feet mounting the front hall circular stairway. Painters, construction workers and a team of designers swim in and out of Dan's field of vision. No one takes any notice of Dan as he makes his way up the stairs.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - DAN'S POV - DAY

Dan moves along the upstairs hallway to the open door of a corner bedroom. He pauses in the doorway taking it in; a star's boudoir, a kitch elegant attempt at fornicatorial splendor right from the pages of a tabloid photo layout.

Brocaded walls, a sultana's bed, and carpets of deep mauve, create a contrived sensuality that transcends offensive. Dan crosses to the bed, gently sets down the boxes and, free of his burden, wanders the room.

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The walls are hung with large, almost mural-sized, canvasses showing a vast audience, a sea of humanity as would be seen from a rock concert stage. Dan takes in face after face. Finally, one among them draws his particular attention, a man in the shadows apart from the rest, whose gaze is quiet, reverential. Dan's hand goes forward and gently touches the man's face. Then he turns.

The CAMERA REVEALS him as he sees himself in a full length mirror, a man of medium build, mid-thirties, and in no way remarkable. Dan smiles at himself.

DAN

I made it.

A SOUND outside the door distracts him, his head whips around.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK FARMER'S HOUSE - DAY

SLAM of a CAR DOOR. Frank gets out of a cab with two suitcases. His house is a modest stucco affair on a small lot. He goes up the walk and puts down his suitcase. He looks at rampant foliage and overgrown grass. Supermarket circulars cover his doorstep. He picks up a few and fishes a key from his pocket.

INT. FRANK FARMER'S HOUSE - DAY

The room is plain, sparsely furnished and seldom lived in. Frank pushes the mail aside with a foot, steps outside and returns with two small suitcases. Dropping them with a clunk and a cloud of dust, he closes the door and looks around, reconvincing himself that he actually lives here.

INT. FARMER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Farmer has carefully set a place for himself at the table in a breakfast nook. A bottle of red wine is open with a glass beside it.

At the stove he stirs and flavors a Boeuf Bourgignon and reads a Time magazine. He adds splash of wine. He lifts the pot from the stove and tries a piece of meat.

At the table, he looks at the place setting and absently eats another piece of meat. Finally he sets the pot on the plate and eats from it directly while glancing through the magazine.

EXT. FRANK'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Wearing shorts and a T-shirt, Frank cleans the garage scum off a very dirty nondescript car. He becomes aware that someone is watching him.

Frank's NEIGHBOR, a Latino in his early thirties, in a coat and tie, speaks from the driveway of the adjoining property.

NEIGHBOR
You live here?

FRANK
That's right.

NEIGHBOR
We moved in last May. We never see anyone.

FRANK
I've been away.

The Neighbor accepts this with a nod. His wife approaches in the b.g., leading a three-year-old. They exchange whispers as they get into their car.

EXT. FRANK FARMER'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

A yellow Porsche is parked at the curb. The front yard has been carefully tended to. BILL DEVANEY, late thirtyish, dressed in immaculate cotton sportswear, is knocking at the front door with no result.

EXT. FRANK FARMER'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Frank lounges in his shorts under the single tree, sunglasses on, a glass of ice tea by his side. Strains of "Don't Walk Away Renee" come from a beat-up transistor RADIO. An old fashioned law sprinker lazily waves water back and forth. Five throwing knives lay scattered on the lawn nearby.

A wooden post is sticking out of the ground in front of the fence at the back of the yard.

DEVANEY
Frank Farmer?

Frank sees Devaney, peering over the fence that separates the front yard from the back. He nods an answer.

DEVANEY
I've been ringing your front doorbell for ten minutes.

FRANK
Doesn't work.

DEVANEY
Well, I'm Bill Devaney. We spoke yesterday about Rachel Marron.

FRANK
Nothing's changed.

DEVANEY
But you said we could talk.

Frank waves him in.

DEVANEY
You got a dog?

FRANK
No dog.

Devaney opens the gate and enters the yard, crossing to Frank.

DEVANEY
So, you won't protect Rachel Marron just because she's in show business?

FRANK
I don't do celebrities.

DEVANEY
But the biggest money's in show business people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frank says nothing. His eyes are closed behind the sunglasses as Devaney picks up one of the knives.

DEVANEY
Farmer, do you even know who Rachel Marron is?

FRANK
Isn't she the one who plays golf?

DEVANEY
Farmer, Rachel Marron is one of the five or six most famous people in America. She's won every music award invented. She's got the number one song in the country right now and she'll probably be nominated for an Oscar in her very first picture. And you want to know 'Isn't she the one...?' Christ, man, where've you been?

FRANK
You mean she doesn't play golf?

DEVANEY
(defeated)
Yes. She plays golf. She plays better than most men.

FRANK
I thought I knew who she was. I used to play a little.

Davaney gestures with the knife.

DEVANEY
You're probably deadly with these things, aren't you?

FRANK
Deadly.

DEVANEY
Show me.

Frank doesn't move.

DEVANEY
Why are you resisting this job? It would pay $2000 a week.
(no response)
$2500.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
For that kind of money there's some good men available. Have you talked to Fitzgerald, Rabalais, Jack Miller?

DEVANEY
I've heard you're the best.

FRANK
There's no such thing.

DEVANEY
Farmer, we're talking about a very frightened lady. With a seven year old boy. And believe me, I've seen enough of these kook threats to know what to ignore. I wouldn't be here if I didn't think this was for real.
(a long pause)
Frank, Rachel begged me to get you.
(pause)
Please.

Frank sits up finally and looks at Devaney a long time. He picks up all five throwing knives and stands up.

FRANK
All right, I'll come and look things over. If I take it, it's $3000 a week.

DEVANEY
Good.
(a beat, gestures with the knife)
Do you really do these things?

FRANK
See for yourself.

Frank is now about twenty feet from the wooden post. He throws one of the knives. It misses the post and clatters against the fence.

FRANK
Shit.

Devaney's face drops. Frank examines the next knife.

FRANK
(mumbling)
I know it's something like...

The second knife gets away from him at the top of his arc and disappears into some bushes about three feet from Devaney. Devaney stands up in a hurry and moves behind Frank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
Sorry.

Frank raises his hand to throw again, the stops and motions Devaney off to the side.

FRANK
Better not stand right behind me.

Devaney smiles weakly. Frank lets the third knife go with one smooth motion. The knife sinks an inch into the center of the post. THUMP.

The arc of Frank's hand carries the remaining knives into the air. Both knives stick in the post forming a straight vertical line with the first one.

EXT. WAVERLY LANE (BEL AIR, MARRON ESTATE) - DAY

Frank stops his Chevy across the quiet street from the closed, unmanned gate at the bottom of the Marron driveway.

FRANK'S POV

as he looks over the gate, the wall, the heavy vegetation and the rising ground beyond. (NOTE: The use of the term FRANK'S POV is not to be taken simply as a camera direction. Rather it represents a recurring attempt to make the audience see in the special way Frank sees. Frank lives by constant vigilance, heightened awareness. It is his genius and his burden. The audience must be put in the position of looking, searching, scanning with him.)

Frank pulls up to the gate and gets out of his car. He grabs a bar of the gate and pulls. The whole gate rattles. Frank gets back in his car and pushes a button on the intercom box at the side of the gate. A MAN'S VOICE CRACKLES out of the box. Transmission is terrible.

MAN (V.O.)
Yes?

FRANK
Frank Farmer to see Miss Marron.

MAN (V.O.)
What?

FRANK
Farmer to see Miss Marron!

MAN (V.O.)
(obviously has not heard)
Have you got an appointment?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
The atomic number of zinc is 30.

MAN (V.O.)
Alright.

There is a LOUD BUZZING and the gate swings arthritically open.

FRANK'S POV - DRIVEWAY

as he moves up the winding drive through heavily landscaped grounds. Plenty of potential hiding places. The mansion is at the top of the hill. The grounds behind the mansion fall away.

EXT. CIRCULAR DRIVE/ENTRANCE AREA (MANSION)

The mansion is huge. On and on it goes. Frank drives past the garage area where Henry, the chauffeur, is washing the limousine. Henry peers at Frank, puts down his sponge and walks toward the entrance where Frank is parking. Frank gets out, looks around.

HENRY
Can I help you?

FRANK
Are you the man on the intercom?

HENRY
No. Can I help you?

FRANK
My name is Edison. I have an appointment with Miss Marron.

HENRY
Oh. And that was arranged by...?

FRANK
(impressed)
Mr. Devaney.

HENRY
Go right ahead, Mr. Edison.

Henry goes back to the limousine. Frank rings the doorbell. EMMA, a fiftyish housekeeper, opens the door.

FRANK
Eli Whitney, to see Mr. Devaney.

EMMA
Come in, please.

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INT. MARRON MANSION - DAY

Frank steps into the foyer with Emma. She is a warm matronly woman who does a fine job running the house without standing on custom.

EMMA
I'll tell you quite honestly, Mr. Whitney, I don't know where Mr. Devaney is. Did he say he'd be here?

FRANK
Yes.

EMMA
Then he probably is. Let me look.

She leads Frank into a large, unused formal parlor.

EMMA
Please make yourself at home. Can I get you anything?

Frank demurs and Emma disappears back through the foyer. Frank watches her go, then moves off into the house in the opposite direction.

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INT. VARIOUS ROOMS

The deeper Frank walks into the house, the warmer and more lived-in the rooms appear.

INT. SUN ROOM - DAY

Frank steps into a tiled sun room that overlooks the pool. area. One wall is all glass. On the opposite wall are shelves containing the trophies of Rachel Marron's career: A Tony award, three Grammys, gold and platinum records, several golf trophies, other statues and plaques. Frank looks down at the pool.

FRANK'S POV

Dwarfed by the pool, the only person in sight is seven-year old FLETCHER MARRON, dark-haired and fragile. He is crouched at the side of the pool with the remote control unit for a foot-long model speedboat which is cutting across the water.

MAN (O.S.)
May I help you?

Frank looks up to find a fortyish butler, ROBERT. Dressed in an open-collared shirt, he looks as though he'd be happier in formal butler attire.

FRANK
I spoke to you on the intercom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBERT
Oh, yes, Mr...?

FRANK
Bell. I had an appointment.

ROBERT
Come this way, please.

Robert leads Frank down a flight of stairs. Somber classical MUSIC comes from this direction.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Robert motions Frank into the room, then goes back up the stairs. The room is large and comfortable with plenty of seating, a bar, a wall of stereo gear and a projection booth.

All the chairs face the far end of the room, and it isn't immediately apparent how many people are hidden among the big cushions.

A young male dancer, RORY, bare-chested and wearing lycra shorts, is doing an interpretive dance in front of the glass wall at the end of the room. Sunlight throws him into silhouette.

As Frank sits on the barstool at the back, a large swivel chair turns to reveal Devaney. He waves to Frank and makes his way over to him.

On the other side of the room, a brawny, heavyset man in his late thirties rises to look at Frank. He has a twenty inch neck. Devaney signals to him that everything is all right, and indicates to Frank the show is almost over. The brawny man looks at Frank a moment more, then sits down.

Frank looks around the room. A shelf laden with vitamins. Guitars of various make. A flute. A gold record being used as a coaster.

In one of the chairs, a pretty woman in her mid-thirties is knitting. She glances occasionally at the dancer. A Man sits next to a phone busily looking over contracts.

The MUSIC CLIMAXES and the dancer drops dramatically to a finish, show over. Applause. The clapping from the front sofa is loudest. Then laughter. Rachel's voice comes from the sofa.

RACHEL (O.S.)
(to dancer; laughing)
Come here, Rory!

The dancer goes to the sofa and disappears from sight. Sound of kissing, laughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL (O.S.)
Sugar, you don't need me, you're already a star.

Devaney moves to the front of the room.

DEVANEY
Rachel.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Nicki, how'd you like Rory's dance?

The knitting woman, NICKI MARANZA, responds.

NICKI
It was just great, Rory.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Guido? I'll bet Guido loved it.

The brawny man, GUIDO, shrugs and stands to look at Frank as he speaks.

GUIDO
Ehh!

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RACHEL (O.S.)
Don't worry, Rory. Guido doesn't know great art.

DEVANEY
Rachel, Frank Farmer is --

RACHEL (O.S.)
Devaney, how'd you like Rory's dance?

DEVANEY
Terrific.

Devaney is now facing the unseen Rachel.

DEVANEY
Rachel, Frank Farmer is here.

Devaney nods in Frank's direction. Nicki looks at Frank.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Who's here?

DEVANEY
Frank Farmer.
(getting no response)
The bodyguard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL (O.S.)
I think Rory should be my bodyguard.

Devaney is a little embarrassed and tired of this.

DEVANEY
Rachel, raise your butt out of there and meet this man.

RACHEL MARRON finally rises from the sofa. It's a bit of a shock to see that she is only about thirty years old. A young woman. Not beautiful, not ugly. Unique only in that she is immediately interesting. A Superstar.

RACHEL
Well, I'm up.

Rachel and Frank look across the room at each other. Frank comes forward.

DEVANEY
Frank Farmer, Rachel Marron.

Rachel offers her hand and they shake. Rachel looks him up and down.

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RACHEL
You don't look like a bodyguard.

FRANK
What did you expect?

RACHEL
I don't know. Tough guy maybe.

FRANK
This is my disguise.

RACHEL
(smiling)
Well, his timing's good.

DEVANEY
This is Nicki Maranza, Rachel's sister and personal secretary.

NICKI
Nice to meet you, Mr. Farmer.

DEVANEY
And that's Guido Scibelli.

Guido nods but makes no move to shake hands. The PHONE RINGS. Stein picks it up, offering a perfunctory wave.

CONTINUED:

DEVANEY
This is Sy Stein, Rachel's manager.

RACHEL
Can we get you a drink?

FRANK
Orange juice.

RACHEL
Straight? Nicki.

Nicki goes to the bar. Rachel sits and motions for Frank to sit opposite her.

RACHEL
Rory, go away.

Rory gets up, picks up a T-shirt and sandals and silently leaves the room.

RACHEL
In all fairness I have to tell you this whole thing is Bill's idea... This sudden obsession with protecting me. Guido has always handled my security and we've done just fine.

STEIN (O.S.)
(into the phone)
Yes, I'll hold but not long...

Nicki hands Frank his orange juice. She looks at Frank as she speaks.

NICKI
I think Bill's right, Rachel. It's time you took more precautions.

Stein enters the conversation.

STEIN
(phone is covered with one hand)
Nicki, I'm sure Mr. Farmer would tell you the number of nuts writing fan letters jumps every time Rachel is on the cover of a magazine.

DEVANEY
Not like this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
Relax guys, I said I'd do it. You see what I'm dealing with here? I'm willing to go along, as long as we all understand each other. I'm not going to let this alter my life one iota.

DEVANEY
Honey, that's not going to be a problem.
(to Frank)
Rachel runs a very informal household, we're all on a first name basis...

Stein has finished up on the phone and jumps in.

STEIN
... and I'm sure you'll blend in just fine. You can select whatever alarm systems you want for the house. Some kind of improved security for the gate. What else, Rachel?

Frank looks at Devaney. Devaney doesn't like the tone this is taking.

RACHEL
I think I'm safe when I'm here at the house so I guess the main thing will be when I go out. Guido will be able to fill you in on all that. You two will have to work something out. I don't want both of you falling all over me everywhere I go. The most important thing is this -- I will not allow Fletcher to be affected by this thing.

STEIN
I was just going to cover that. We'll have to tell the child you have some other function...

RACHEL
I don't want him to think he's in prison. So the house and grounds must not be altered in any way. He shouldn't be aware that you're here. Is that clear?

Frank looks at her a long time, glancing up at Devaney once.

FRANK
Miss Marron...

RACHEL
Rachel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
There's been a mistake. A misunderstanding. If you'll show me the quickest way out, we'll save each other a lot of trouble.

Frank's on his way.

GUIDO
You can go past the pool.

DEVANEY
Shut up, Guido. Farmer, will you wait a minute?

STEIN
Bill, I don't think we should be begging this guy for his services.

DEVANEY
Sy, I'm handling this.

Devaney goes out after Frank.

EXT. BACK LAWN - MARRON GROUNDS - DAY

Franks walks away from the window wall. Devaney slides open the door and runs after Frank.

DEVANEY
Farmer, please will you wait a minute?

Frank stops. As he faces Devaney, he can see Fletcher in the background, alone, holding the toy boat while he pretends it's skimming through the water.

DEVANEY
I should have told you more. I'm sorry but I was afraid she wouldn't go through with it. I thought I'd let the two of you talk it out... come to an understanding.

FRANK
We did.

Frank starts to walk off. Devaney is grasping at straws.

DEVANEY
She's not a bad person, and whether she knows it or not, she needs you.
(a beat)
You've come this far... Would you just wait here for one minute. I want to show you something.

Devaney runs back to the house.

EXT. POOL AREA

Fletcher, happy to have someone to talk to, walks up to Frank with his remote-control speed boat. Frank would like to walk away, but Fletcher blocks his way. Frank looks at Fletcher's frail little, nut-brown figure.

FLETCHER
Hi!

FRANK
Hi.

FLETCHER
How are you today?

FRANK
All right. How 'bout yourself?

FLETCHER
Oh, I'm fine. Do you like boats?

FRANK
No.

FLETCHER
Why not?

FRANK
Oh, I don't know.

FLETCHER
Yeah, you know, but you don't want to tell.

FRANK
You're a smart kid.

Frank considers him, then slips out of his sport coat. He crouches down so that he is eye-level with Fletcher.

FRANK
Okay. One time I was stuck on a boat with some people I didn't like for four months.

FLETCHER
A life boat?

FRANK
Nope. A big, white yacht.

FLETCHER
(thinks about this)
My aunt rented this huge yacht once, and we took a trip. It was great. Everyone vomited except me. I love 'em.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
Well, nobody's perfect.

FLETCHER
You're the bodyguard, aren't you?

FRANK
What do you know about it?

FLETCHER
I got ears.

FRANK
I'll remember that.

Fletcher squints up at him, the sun in his eyes. Devaney calls from off screen.

DEVANEY (O.S.)
Frank?

Frank turns. Devaney trots into the pool area, out of breath. He is holding a bulging manila file. As he sees Fletcher, he holds the file casually at his side. Frank sees Fletcher looking at the file.

DEVANEY
How are you, Fletch?
(to Frank)
I'm glad you waited. Let's go over here.

FRANK
(to Fletcher)
Nice meeting you.

Fletcher looks after them silently.

Devaney and Frank walk to a table on the patio. Fletcher is well out of earshot as they sit down. Devaney slides the file across the table at Frank, opening it. Inside are letters of every size and condition. Repeatedly throughout this scene Frank's gaze is drawn to Fletcher, who has started his boat again.

DEVANEY
This is just the last six months.

FRANK
(looks at the pile)
Have you ever tried sending them to a lab?

Devaney shakes his head no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frank begins to look through the letters, flipping them by the corner of the page. From many different sources, some are scrawled, some typed, some assembled from cutouts. Many are soiled and torn, others immaculate. Occasionally, one will have a photo of Rachel with crude markings on it.

Stein enters sucking on a popsicle. He comes to stand over Frank's shoulder, peering nonchalantly at the piles of letters.

STEIN
Devaney says you were in the Secret Service.

Frank nods.

Frank goes through them quickly, with an expert eye. He sometimes pauses to read one more carefully. A few he removes from the stack and places in the center of the table.

STEIN
Ever guard the main man?

FRANK
I was two years with Carter and four years with Reagan.

Frank sets another letter in the center pile.

FRANK
These are nothing.
(stops at one, smiles)
This is a little old lady in Akron. She's written to everybody I've ever worked for.

He continues to turn until something stops him. Several letters are paper-clipped together. They are the neat pasted-up type we saw being assembled on the desk top.

STEIN
Reagan got shot.

His chatter is beginning to annoy Frank.

FRANK
Not on my shift.

Stein emits a gratuitous laugh, acknowledging the joke.

STEIN
That's good.

Frank goes back to his letters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
This could be something.

He separates the letter from the others. Devaney nods. Frank finishes the stack. He closes the file, leaving the stack in the center of the table, which he taps.

FRANK
You can throw these out. They're harmless.

Devaney searches Frank's face. Frank turns and watches Fletcher at the pool. Devaney faces Stein squarely.

DEVANEY
I want to show him the room.

INT. "THE ROOM" - DAY

Frank follows Stein and Devaney into the room. Frank glances around taking in the murals, the decor -- then his look is arrested by something he sees on the bed. He moves forward.

FRANK
Is this her bedroom?

STEIN
Yes.

DEVANEY
No.

DEVANEY
She sleeps in a room next to Fletcher's down the hall. Sy had this done for a magazine layout, 'Superstars In Their Boudoirs.'
(aside to Frank)
Rachel never liked it.

FRANK'S POV - CANOPIED BED

is garlanded with strings of dying spring flowers. The bedspread is turned back revealing satin sheets. Delicately arranged on them is an elegant silk bridal nightgown. Beside the bed a pair of satin slippers and on the pillow a bridal tiara and a white lace veil.

BACK TO SCENE

Devaney gently lays the cut-out letter next to the veil.

DEVANEY
We found the letter here.

Beside the bed, is a silver stand with an ice bucket and bottle of champagne. On the bedside table is a single crystal glass with a small jewelry box, a note beneath it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Farmer steps forward to the bed staring at it silently.

FRANK
What did the police say?

STEIN
There was no reason for the police. Nothing was taken.

Frank reaches in to his coat pocket and shakes out a handkerchief. Using the handkerchief, he carefully extracts the handwritten note from underneath the box. Over his shoulder we read: MY DEAREST WIFE, TONITE ONE GLASS BUT SOON IT WILL BE TWO. YOUR LOVING HUSBAND DAN.

FRANK
How do you know that?

DEVANEY
We don't know... but we do know that somebody broke in here, and --
(this is tough)
-- masturbated on the bed.

STEIN
Rachel doesn't need that kind of publicity right now. It would just upset her.

FRANK
She doesn't know about this?

Devaney shakes his head.

STEIN
I told you it would just upset her.

DEVANEY
What do you think?

FRANK
You never know for sure, but it looks like you could have a problem.

STEIN
(agitated)
Oh fuck, we don't need this now...

FRANK
Look, I can't protect her if she doesn't understand what's going on.

DEVANEY
I'll talk to her, Frank, I'll make her understand. I can do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEIN
No. I'll talk to her.

Stein exits the room in a huff.

EXT. MARRON HOUSE FRONT - DAY

Frank emerges with Devaney and crosses toward his car. In the background a somewhat scruffy PORSCHE CARRERA with a whale tail ROARS up to the front entrance of the house.

DEVANEY
... She won't give you any static, Frank, you've got my word on that.

FRANK
Sure she will.

DEVANEY
So what job's perfect? You're a bodyguard, aren't you?

Slowly, Frank faces him. In the background, Nicki emerges from the front door and gets in the Porsche.

FRANK
Yeah.

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As they reach the car, Devaney is relieved. He dares a perfect smile.

FRANK
Devaney, if you ever lie to me again, I'll take you apart.

INT. PORSCHE - DAY

Nicki settles beside J.D. BLACKBURN, white shirt, jeans, rough-out boots, and turquoise, he is the epitome of an Aspen drug dealer.

He greets Nicki with a cursory kiss and she slides into the car next to him. Blackburn's attention is focused momentarily on Frank and Devaney, who are still speaking near Frank's car.

J.D.
Who's that?

NICKI
Rachel's new bodyguard.

J.D.
What happened? They finally notice how much Guido skims?

CONTINUED:

NICKI
No. Devaney's brought in a professional. It's serious, J.D. Somebody got into the house, Rachel could be in real danger.

When J.D. speaks we realize there is no love lost between him and Rachel.

J.D.
What a fucking shame.

There is an awkward beat.

J.D.
How's Fletch?

Nicki's answer is lost when he FIRES UP the PORSCHE and ROARS down the driveway.

INT. MARRON MANSION - FRANK'S ROOM - DAY

Henry is leaning against the door jamb. The room is comfortable, a guest bedroom. Frank carefully places a samurai sword in a scabbard on the bureau. He flops one battered suitcase onto the bed and opens it. He pulls open some drawers in the dresser and starts putting away his clothes.

HENRY
(defensive)
Why'd you say your name was Edison?

FRANK
(friendly)
Why the gun?

HENRY
You first.

FRANK
I wanted to see how hard it was to get in.

He extends his hand for the gun and looks to Henry as if to say, "Your turn."

Henry removes a cheap pistol from where it is tucked into his pants at the small of his back and hands it to Frank.

HENRY
Grew up in South Chicago.

FRANK
Ever been convicted of a felony?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY
No.

FRANK
I'll get you a permit so this is legal.

He hands it back to Henry who is noncommittal.

FRANK
I'll bet you can fill up a whole day just washing the cars and driving Rachel Marron around town.

HENRY
That's my job.

FRANK
We're adding to your duties. You're my new assistant.

Frank removes three boxes of cartridges from the suitcase and puts them in the back of a dresser drawer as Henry watches.

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HENRY
Says who?

FRANK
Henry, I've spent a lot of time guarding people all over the world. And I've found one thing to be true. No matter how incompetent the assassins, no matter how much they miss their target by, there's one person who always gets hit.

HENRY
Who?

FRANK
The cocky black chauffeur.

Henry considers this a moment and smiles.

EXT. PERIMETER OF ESTATE - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

The fortification of the estate begins as Frank and Henry walk the grounds. Frank talks and points, Henry takes notes on a pad. Frank gestures at the stonework of the gate, points at the top of the stone wall along Waverly Lane. At the tall hedges which separate the estate from its neighbors, Frank gestures to take in the entire length of the hedged border. Henry stops in amazement. Frank keeps walking.

EXT. POOL AREA - DAY

Fletcher stands at the edge of the terrace, staring down across the rear grounds.

FLETCHER'S POV - FRANK AND HENRY

are down there, conferring about the fence.

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel appears beside Fletcher, looks down there too, then leads her son purposefully away. Fletcher isn't too happy about it.

INT. MARRON MANSION - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

Frank tours the house with Robert, Emma and Henry. Robert regards the whole process with undisguised distaste. Emma finds it all exciting. Frank opens various doors, fidgets with locking mechanisms.

In the basement, Frank opens doors, shines his flashlight in dark corners. He pulls on a basement window and the lock gives. Dust showers down on Robert.

INT. MARRON ESTATE - POOL HOUSE - BALLET STUDIO - DAY

A small room at one end of the pool house has been fitted with a wall mirror and ballet exercise barre. A STEREO plays EXERCISING MUSIC.

Nicki, dressed in leotards, is doing pre-aerobic stretching exercises. Frank appears outside the window. Nicki waves him in. Unseen by Frank, a huge St. Bernard lays in front of the door. He muscles his way in, the dog never moves, just slides along the floor as Frank pushes the door open. Frank looks the room over.

FRANK
Unusual tactic for a guard dog, but effective.

Nicki smiles, gesturing him in.

NICKI
You can look around if you like.

Frank indicates it won't be necessary. Nicki stops working out.

NICKI
It's my private place. I'm the only one who works out around here.

FRANK
I'm sorry to disturb you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICKI
That's all right. It's an excuse to rest.

Frank glances at photos on one wall. Most are of Nicki from years ago; some show her performing with a band, a very youthful Rachel beside her. Nicki seems a little nervous as Frank looks them over.

NICKI
My own ego wall. No platinum records.

Frank spots a picture of two young girls.

FRANK
You and Rachel?

NICKI
When I was a teenager, I put a little band together. We played high school dances, stuff like that. Then I got pregnant and Rachel got the band.

FRANK
You never went back?

NICKI
It was pretty obvious who the star in our family was.

EXT. MARRON ESTATE - GARAGE - DAY

Frank and Henry walk toward the closed garages.

HENRY
That depends on what you'd call a 'hint.'

FRANK
I don't want anyone on the street to be able to look at the cars and know who owns them.

Henry leans in a doorway and hits a master switch. The three doors of the garage start to rise in sequence.

HENRY
I don't think there's anything here you'd call a 'hint.'

One a time the doors go up to reveal:

First garage -- the Cadillac limousine we've seen earlier. License: Rachel 2.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Second garage -- a gray Mercedes. License: Rachel 3.

Third garage -- a Jaguar XKE in an outrageous pink. No other car in the world is this color. License: Rachel 1.

Frank looks at Henry, who is laughing, and shakes his head. He walks toward the Jag and gestures toward the other two cars.

FRANK
Get new plates for those two.

Frank releases the hood of the Jag, then walks around and lifts the hood. He looks inside for a moment, then reaches into the guts of the engine. He fiddles for a second, then stands and slams the hood.

EXT. GATE AREA - DAY

The fortification continues as workmen re-do the entrance. Henry watches a bulldozer clear away the stonework. Fletcher sits on the lawn watching workmen put up a seven-foot cyclone fence. One worker pries a small boulder out of a hole with a crowbar. His partner picks up the rock and tosses it on a small pile of rocks. The boulder bounces down the backside of the pile. Fletcher sits on the grass about half-way to the house, watching the activity with delighted interest.

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rachel, looking out her window at Fletcher and the workmen, sees the rock stop a yard from him. Fletcher scrambles away, much as a kid might dance back from a wave on a beach. The sight disturbs Rachel.

RACHEL
Fletcher! C'mon.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Frank sits with special agents, RAY COURT, in his fifties, the career agent, and TERRY MINELLA, glib, young, irreverent, one of the agency's new junior league.

DR. ERIC KNAUER, an overweight forensic psychiatrist, carefully examines the lace nightgown left by Dan.

MINELLA
You like that stuff, don't you, Eric?

Knauer smiles indulgently.

KNAUER
I've been dealing such trash lately.
This fellow is a welcome relief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURT
So who is he?

KNAUER
A man with honorable intentions.

MINELLA
Hear that, Frank? Honorable intentions. That's what he said about John Wayne Gasey who murdered thirty-five boys.

KNAUER
The boys lied to John, and he was a stickler for the truth. But he had a certain elegance. Remember, he spent seven-and-a-half hours sharpening the knife... Not the knife he used but his back-up tool.

Court snaps his fingers.

COURT
Back to earth, Eric. Just tell us what we've got here.

KNAUER
Your boy wants to spend life and eternity with Rachel Marron. And more importantly, he believes she wants to spend life and eternity with him.

COURT
Why would he think that?

KNAUER
Proximity is his drug. Her high visibility nourishes the delusion. As long as he can see her, that's enough.

FRANK
What if he's cut off?

KNAUER
Meaning?

MINELLA
Meaning Frank keeps her out of the spotlight.

KNAUER
As with any addiction, withdrawal is painful.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNAUER (CONT'D)
He equates separation with rejection. And rejection is not something he'll be able to deal with. He'll be angry and very dangerous, this...
(looks at the note)
... 'Dan.'

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Frank is walked to the lobby by Minella and Court.

COURT
(to Frank)
I sort of lost track of you after Washington.

FRANK
Yeah.

COURT
How's the private stuff?

FRANK
Fine.

COURT
Big money, huh?

Frank shrugs. Court looks at Minella knowingly.

COURT
Big money, yeh, fuck. Maybe I should think about it. You should see the prick we're covering now. A senator.

MINELLA
The President ordered it. Somebody wants to pop him.

COURT
Which isn't surprising considering what the shithead's been saying.

MINELLA
Hey we're nonpolitical these days.

COURT
We'll put everything through Washington. The lab boys should have something in a few days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
I appreciate it, Ray. Why am I getting all of this cooperation?

MINELLA
She's a big star. Important people care about her.

COURT
Politics and show business are practically the same these days.

MINELLA
Got any crowd photos we can use?

Frank smiles.

FRANK
I'm trying to keep her away from crowds.

COURT
Good luck.

INT. IL GIARDINO RESTAURANT - DAY

The place is packed with the usual Hollywood suspects. Guido steps inside, looks around. He's followed by Rachel, Stein and Nicki. Frank appears last. The diners react to Rachel's entrance. DIMITRI, the manager, moves forward beaming them a greeting.

DIMITRI
Beautiful... Rachel, you look magnificent. Hello, Sy, Nicki... right this way everything's set.

Frank sees they are being led to a large table on a raised area that is open to all parts of the room.

FRANK
Excuse me, but that table won't do for us.

Rachel and Stein snap around in disbelief.

RACHEL
What are you talking about?

FRANK
The corner is better for us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
Better for what?

Stein looks at Frank as if he's witnessed the death of a small child.

STEIN
We're not sitting in the corner, this is Rachel's table.

FRANK
The corner is safer.

DIMITRI
Safe? Hey, all my tables are safe.

RACHEL
Come on, I'm hungry and I eat where I please.

Rachel leads them to her table. As she greets friends, Frank and Guido are seated at the table next to her that covers her back. Guido covers pleasure at Rachel's little scene, but Frank lets it go. A waiter hands him a menu. Frank looks at one side of it, then the other.

Rachel peeks over the top of her own menu and catches Frank's eye.

RACHEL
What's the matter? No red meat?

Frank gives her a look. Rachel smiles and settles into her seat. She reaches forward and moves a large vase of flowers to block him from her view.

INT. IL GIARDINO - LATER

Near the entrance, Rachel is saying goodbye to a middle-aged WOMAN. Frank stands nearby with Nicki. The woman says something to Rachel, who turns and looks at Frank. Rachel whispers something to the Woman and they both laugh. They kiss and Rachel moves toward the door.

WOMAN
(an afterthought; phony)
Goodbye, Nicki. So great to see you.

Nicki waves and follows Rachel. Frank stays very close without seeming to walk with Rachel.

A little girl darts into their path and approaches Rachel.

CONTINUED:

Rachel glances at Frank, who has stopped with her, then she signs an autograph for the girl.

Rachel, Stein and Frank all reach the front door together, and Frank slips out first, glancing around. Rachel comes out and passes within inches of him.

RACHEL
I'm surprised you didn't plug her.

EXT. IL GIARDINO ENTRANCE - DAY

As they reach the limousine, Frank continues scanning the street. Guido stares at him, uncomprehending.

GUIDO
(impatiently)
Hey, let's go.

Frank takes a last look then gets into the front seat. The limo pulls out and we realize the scene is viewed from another's POV.

INT. FRONT SEAT - DAY

Frank sits beside Guido, next to the door. As the car pulls out Guido speaks to him in a near whisper.

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GUIDO
Let me set you straight on a few things. For starters, I love this lady... What I do for her I do for love. I'm not some hired fuckin' gun who is out to make her life miserable.

While Guido speaks, Frank's eyes dart to the side mirror; his gaze never leaves it.

FRANK'S POV - DAN'S CAR

appears in the rearview mirror.

BACK TO SCENE

GUIDO
I do things the way she likes. Her happiness is everything to me.

Frank speaks while concentrating on the mirror.

FRANK
No problem. I'd like to know how you handle things, Guido.

CONTINUED:

GUIDO
I handle things fine, Frank. You watch me and you'll learn something.

FRANK
Turn left.

HENRY
Is that him?

Frank shakes his head, he's not sure. Guido reacts.

GUIDO
Hey, what's going on.

FRANK
Short cut.

EXT. LIMO - DAY

The limo makes a turn and Dan's car continues straight ahead without following. Frank checks the mirror, noting that Dan's car does not follow them through the turn.

EXT. MARRON ESTATE - DAY

The limo stops. Frank gets out.

000034

INT. LIMO - DAY

Guido shakes his head and mutters.

GUIDO
What's with him?

Stein taps the glass and motions Henry up the drive.

STEIN
Can we go now?

INT. DAN'S CAR - DAY

Dan pulls the nose of his car onto Waverly Lane. He sees Frank with his back to him watching the limo head up the driveway. Dan shifts into reverse and backs up some twenty yards.

EXT. MARRON ESTATE - DAY

Frank looks around. He waits by the gate, sensing something. After a moment, he starts walking, along the inside of the fence toward the intersection.

INT. DAN'S CAR - DAY

Dan taps an uncertain rhythm on the steering wheel. He peers under a Waverly Lane hedge, trying to detect footsteps.

EXT. WAVERLY LANE - DAY

Frank approaches the intersection. When he gets there, he looks down and sees only a parked UPS truck, and a UPS DRIVER, bounding across the street with package in hand.

INT. DAN'S CAR - DAY

Dan peers left and right. The UPS truck has blocked his view of the intersection.

DAN
Aw fuck!

Dan looks at his corkboard montage of Rachel. The photos are askew. Dan leans over, frantic to straighten them. He begins to calm, meticulously pushing the pictures back into their proper places.

Knuckles rap sharply on the driver's side window. Dan's hands freeze. He whirls to see who it is. The UPS Driver signals him to roll down the window.

UPS DRIVER
You wouldn't happen to know where 242 Waverly is...

DAN
You cunt.

000034

UPS DRIVER
I was only asking --

DAN
Fucking cunt.

He SCREECHES out.

INT. MARRON MANSION - DAY

The fortification continues as workmen tighten screws, install electrical wiring, test alarms. Frank watches as a skilled locksmith drills the heavy front door. New locks lie nearby.

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

A mild-looking OLD LOCKSMITH is working on Rachel's window. Rachel walks in, unbuttoning her blouse. She stops, startled, then blows up.

RACHEL
Get out! Get out or I'll throw you out the window.

Terrified, the Old Locksmith drops his tools and begins backing out of the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD LOCKSMITH
Yes, ma'am. Thank you. I'm a real fan of yours, Miss Marron.

Still angry, but disarmed, Rachel makes a face.

RACHEL
Then you can take your tools.

EXT. GATE HOUSE - MARRON ESTATE - DAY

Frank and Fletcher stroll up the driveway. Frank points out a hidden camera. Just then Devaney's immaculate convertible Mercedes 500 SL ROARS past them. Fletcher shakes his head. He's seen it before.

FLETCHER
(to Frank)
She's got him by the short ones, doesn't she, Frank?

Frank squelches a smile. Where did he learn that?

FRANK
Yeah, she makes him nervous.

They watch as Devaney SCREECHES to a stop, gets out and hurries inside.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Nicki is cutting fruit at the bar. Rachel, very tense, is taking the fruit and dropping it into a yogurt drink she's making in a blender. Stein is perched on a bar stool like a vulture. Devaney hurries into the room; Nicki gives him a look.

RACHEL
I want him gone.

DEVANEY
What is it now?

NICKI
He told Rachel no Sunday brunch at Charlie's.

DEVANEY
Oh, Jesus. That's why you called me up here?

RACHEL
That is not it! It's my money and my life and I want him out of here.

DEVANEY
Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nicki indicates the pool area.

GUIDO
I'll get him.

Devaney can't wait. He goes to the glass door and pulls it open.

RACHEL
He's through putzing with my life.

DEVANEY
(yelling outside)
Farmer...

EXT. OUTER PERIMETER OF PROPERTY - DAY

Frank has almost reached the house. He stops to check the approach road once more. He sees something, but Devaney is shouting.

DEVANEY
Farmer... will you get in here.

Guido walks out to get him, a shit-eating grin on his face. He stops when he reaches Frank.

00034

FRANK
There's a car up the street. It's been sitting there a while. Why don't you check it out.

Guido looks annoyed as Frank moves away.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Rachel is still going on about Frank to Devaney.

DEVANEY
Rachel, you agreed to this thing --

RACHEL
Who knew he was nuts?

STEIN
Do you know who couldn't get past the gates yesterday?

DEVANEY
And I'm getting goddamn sick of running up here every time he steps on your toes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: .

RACHEL
Who?

STEIN
Emlyn Peters, that's who.

Rachel fights off a laugh. Frank enters from the sliding door.

STEIN
You think that's funny? The man talks to 20 million people everyday and he can't even get in here.

FRANK
Did he have an appointment?

Devaney turns to him.

DEVANEY
Farmer, what is this about brunch at Charlie's? Rachel's been going there every Sunday for the last five years.

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FRANK
I don't want her doing anything she's always done.

RACHEL
What are you talking to this guy for? He's a fanatic.

DEVANEY
So are the guys he's protecting you from.

RACHEL
Excuse me if I don't faint.

NICKI
Think of Fletcher --

Rachel turns on the blender, drowning out Nicki's voice. Frank looks at Rachel coolly. She stares at him petulantly, then turns off the blender.

RACHEL
Do you know he's got the phones bugged? He's turned this joint into a goddamn armed camp. The gold in Fort Knox isn't this safe.

CONTINUED:

DEVANEY
What do you want from my life?

RACHEL
I want some peace around here.

Devaney looks at Frank imploringly.

FRANK
We're almost done.

RACHEL
And I want to eat some lox and cream cheese with my friends.

FRANK
Go on Tuesday this week.

Rachel looks at him as though he were a Martian.

RACHEL
(stretching it out)
Tuesday morning brunch? Where did you find this guy?

Rachel turns on the blender, stares at Frank.

000034

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Guido comes up the driveway. Frank sees him and waits.

GUIDO
You still here?

FRANK
I got lots to learn, Guido.

GUIDO
Saw your man. He parked down the road and he was checking out the gate.

Frank looks toward the gate.

GUIDO
He's gone. I gave him a beesh.

FRANK
A what?

Guido smiles and makes a descriptive punching gesture with his hand.

GUIDO
Something he can wear for a week.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
Did you get the license?

Guido speaks as he walks away.

GUIDO
Don't worry about no license, he won't be back.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAWN

6:15 A.M. Mist rises from the lush green fairways. Two figures. No one else in sight. Rachel is playing a round before the course gets crowded. She walks along at a brisk pace. Frank is caddying, carrying her enormous golf bag on his shoulder. His eyes continually scan the area.

RACHEL
I usually play at 10, Frank, but I know you don't want me to do anything I always do. I'm not going too fast for you, am I? No? Good! You're probably the highest paid caddy in the world right now?

EXT. GOLF COURSE - LATER

Rachel hits a long iron. Her swing is beautiful. She watches the ball sail, pleased. She turns to Frank.

RACHEL
Do you want to take a shot?

Frank shakes his head "no". Rachel grins and starts walking.

RACHEL
You probably won't believe this, but I have a reputation for being a bitch.

Frank says nothing. Rachel grins and starts walking.

RACHEL
I didn't used to be. But you get known for being a certain way -- a way people think you are -- and pretty soon you get like that. Can't help it.

Frank smiles knowingly.

RACHEL
You don't think so? You're such an expert on famous people?

FRANK
I've seen a few.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
And you disagree?

FRANK
(very flat)
You can be as you choose to be.
It's an act of discipline
sometimes, but it can be done.

Rachel stops in her tracks. Frank keeps walking.

RACHEL
Well, excuse me.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - LATER

Rachel talks as she lines up a fifteen-foot putt. She is silent for a long moment, then strokes the ball firmly, sinking it. She looks at Frank as they walk to the next tee, continuing an interrupted monologue.

RACHEL
So why don't you stay with one of
your clients? Only get off on
the crisis situations?

Rachel has teed off and now they're headed toward her ball. Frank continues to search the area with his gaze.

FRANK
Do all your caddies have to listen
to this?

EXT. GOLF COURSE - MORNING

A ball is nestled in the grass.

She stops at her ball, looks away at the distant green. It's a tough shot: out from under a tree, over a trap.

RACHEL
Three.

He gives her the three iron. She sets herself, concentrates and smacks the ball perfectly. It lifts her spirits again.

RACHEL
Just a little chip and I'll be on.

She looks at Frank, beaming.

RACHEL
Come on. Hit the ball once.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frank demurs. Rachel takes another ball from the bag and drops it on the ground.

RACHEL
What are you afraid of?

Frank gives up. He gives her the bag and selects a five iron. He addresses the ball, looks at the hole, then back at the ball. He swings, hits it perfectly.

The ball lands on the green and rolls to within ten feet of the cup. Rachel watches Frank as he puts the club back in the bag without expression.

RACHEL
(finally)
Luck.

Frank nods, walks off toward the green. She can't see his face, but we can. He has the look of a man who has just hit the best shot of his life.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS BOUTIQUE - DAY

With the aid of the shop owner, Rachel has picked out an armload of clothing.

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RACHEL
(looking at a skimpy halter)
Wooo. They'd love this back in Pittsburgh.
(to the owner)
This is enough. Let me try it on.

Rachel begins to step into a changing booth at the back of the store, then stops dramatically. She speaks to Frank.

RACHEL
(indicating the open booth)
Farmer, do you want to come in here with me, just to be safe?

Frank just looks at her.

EXT. MARRON HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank, dressed in a business style blue suit and still adjusting his tie, approaches from his room. Henry is waiting with the limo.

Rachel, dressed to the nines and looking very sexy, emerges from the house with Stein and Devaney. Guido follows as they head for the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
I thought it was just dinner.

Henry shrugs.

FRANK
(to Stein)
Are we going somewhere else?

STEIN
Dinner and the Roxy, Frank.

FRANK
What's the Roxy?

Stein starts to climb into the limo.

STEIN
It's a club, Frank. Come on, Henry, let's go.

FRANK
Stein, you've got to tell me about these things.

STEIN
I just did.

He disappears inside the limo.

Rachel tugs at Frank's lapels, looks him up and down, brushing something off his shoulder. Frank's annoyed.

RACHEL
Nice suit, Frank.

Rachel is about to get in.

FRANK
Rachel.

He removes something from his pocket, a small, enameled, Russian Orthodox-style cross.

FRANK
I want you to keep this.

Rachel looks at it, both flattered and confused.

RACHEL
For me? It's beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
It's fitted with a radio transmitter. When you close the clasp, it sends a signal that I can trace. If there's ever a problem and we're separated, just wear it and I can find you.

Rachel doesn't know how to respond. She's stuck for words. Stein pokes his head out impatiently.

STEIN
Okay she knows how it works, let's get going.

Rachel manages a quick smile to Frank as she gets in the back. Frank gets in the front beside Guido. The limo pulls out.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Frank rides beside Guido in the front seat. The RADIO PLAYS SOFTLY in the b.g. In back Rachel, Stein and Devaney are drinking champagne. Guido burps, smiles at Frank.

GUIDO
That was some pesto.

Frank says nothing.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)
You're listening to K.R.O.K., the rock of L.A. and yes we have. We told you we'd crack the case of the mystery guest... and if you are one of the few who hasn't heard, it's Rachel at the Roxy.

Frank turns up the volume.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)
Rachel Marron tonight, appearing as Billy Thomas's very special guest. But if you don't have a ticket, you can forget going down there. Police are asking us to ask you to stay away. So everybody, please, stay cool, stay tuned and we'll try to get you some interviews after the show. Remember you heard it here on K.R.O.K. -- the station that delivers.

Frank looks back at Stein who silently mouths --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEIN
It wasn't me.

The car turns onto Sunset, and there it is, only fifty yards ahead, a mob of fans spilling out of the Roxy, off the sidewalk and into the street.

GUIDO
Fuckin' a.

Frank stares ahead in disbelief. The noise of the crowd can be heard as they pull up front.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The mob reacts to the sight of the approaching limo which turns into the parking area and heads for the backstage.

Faces of the fans are at the windows leering at Rachel. Many are grotesquely-painted. Some go into a wild frenzy as Rachel's limo pulls up. There is a punch-up and a man is beaten back.

EXT. BACKSTAGE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

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As Rachel's car pulls up, the beaten man dances weirdly at the curb with blood streaming from his nose. A pair of Roxy security guards tries to hold them back. As her limo stops, a chant begins.

CHANT
Rachel! Rachel! We want Rachel!

Other join in as the mob presses forward.

The instant she exits the car her expression goes public -- a wide, show-biz smile. Sandwiched between Stein and Devaney, with Guido in front and Frank at the rear, Rachel makes her entrance.

A young man breaks the barrier moving toward Rachel. Frank gracefully guides him all the way across and slips him under the opposite cordon.

INT. RACHEL'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel steps into a room set for a star's arrival. Flowers are on every surface that will hold them. One huge arrangement is so big it has to be placed on the floor. She closes the door.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Frank's eyes search the crush of people, milling around backstage. Frank is checked out by a strange-looking woman in Vampyra drag.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel sits in front of the mirror making last minute adjustments on her makeup. She notices a small gift-wrapped box marked "Rachel." She opens it. The contents cause an immediate rush of fear that clouds her face.

INT. STAR'S SUITE - NIGHT

Frank holds the note and looks at the contents of the box it came with: it is Fletcher's handprint pressed into clay.

FRANK
'I am your protector. Soon you will know the full conviction of my love. Your husband, Dan...'

Rachel stares blankly around the room, unable to focus on anyone.

RACHEL
This came from Fletcher's room...?

FRANK
Let's get her out of here.

STEIN
Look, so something's happened. Let's not get hysterical.

RACHEL
How did he get this? This came from Fletcher's room.

STEIN
It's okay, Rachel, we had a little incident. It's under control. A fan got into the room we made up. That's all there was to it.

RACHEL
He was in my house?

FRANK
We should get her out of here.

RACHEL
I want to call Fletcher.

But no one is listening.

STEIN
No wait...

DEVANEY
Sy.

CONTINUED:

STEIN
Let's just see how she is.
(to Rachel)
How do you feel, honey?

FRANK
I can't protect her out there.

RACHEL
Do you think he's here?

Devaney can't answer. She turns to Frank.

RACHEL
He's out there isn't he?

FRANK
He might be.

STEIN
We don't know that. Frank, we don't know that.

Rachel is enraged.

RACHEL
But you know he was in my house.

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She starts to panic. Stein throws Frank a look, then sizes things up and takes control.

STEIN
Okay, honey, let's go home.

DEVANEY
We'll have to make an announcement.

STEIN
Fine, you make it, they'll tear the fucking place apart.

INT. ONSTAGE - NIGHT

A lone mike stands onstage. The crowd's growing impatient. A RHYTHMIC CLAPPING begins. Devaney walks timidly onstage. He's not happy to be there. He reaches the mike and taps it with a finger.

DEVANEY
Excuse me... hello... I've got an announcement to make. I'm sorry but... due to circumstances beyond...

VOICES SHOUT. "Where's Rachel?"... a GROAN begins. A chorus of BOOS fills the room. He raises his hands. More VOICES.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Frank guides Rachel toward the stage exit. A ROAR from the AUDIENCE begins. "Rachel, Rachel, Rachel!" It GROWS LOUDER as they near the exit. Rachel's expression is a combination of fear and humiliation. When they have almost reached the exit, she stops.

RACHEL
Wait...

FRANK
No, Rachel, you don't have to. It's not worth it...

RACHEL
(cutting him off)
No goddamn freak chases me off stage.

She pulls away from him. Farmer starts after her, but Stein steps between them.

INT. STAGE - NIGHT

DEVANEY
I'm afraid that...

A great gush of APPLAUSE from the AUDIENCE. Devaney's befuddled. He doesn't see Rachel walking up behind him.

DEVANEY
Rachel won't be able...

Rachel stands beside him, beaming. She bows. Claps back to her fans. Devaney retreats. Rachel gestures in his direction.

RACHEL
Bill Devaney, ladies and gentlemen, thank you, Bill. Hey, everyone. Hello! Isn't Billy Thomas the greatest. He's asked me to sing a song. I hope you don't mind.

The crowd ROARS its approval.

Frank nervously scans the room. Rachel smiles and moves along the stage. MUSIC starts in the b.g. Masking obvious fear, she starts to sing.

DAN'S POV

His face still bandaged, moves along the side of the room, getting closer to the stage.

BACK TO SCENE

As Rachel begins her song, she walks toward him. For a few seconds she seems to be singing to him and him alone. Then she crosses toward the other side. Frank can be seen.

DAN'S POV

seen from just behind the first row of tables...

BACK TO SCENE

... Rachel makes another circuit of the stage: Again sings in his direction, dwelling on words that seem meant for him alone.

As she takes one hand from the microphone, her fingers tremble. She clasps it again to hide her anxiety. But as she sings, her fear begins to vanish. She is soothed and nurtured by the obvious adoration of her audience.

Frank scans the audience. Rachel sees him and sneaks him a wink and a "naughty girl" smile.

INT. SIDE WINGS OF STAGE - NIGHT

Frank keeps a vigilant eye on Rachel as Stein approaches.

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STEIN
Are we having a communications problem here?

FRANK
What?

Stein's presence is a distraction. Frank goes back to watching Rachel.

STEIN
Apparently I didn't make it clear to you how things go around here.

FRANK
You told me you were going to tell her. And you didn't.

STEIN
I didn't think she could handle it.

FRANK
She handled it fine.

STEIN
You know as well as I do this death threat thing is bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
You think so?

STEIN
Everybody I've ever had has gotten a thousand of them and the only significance they have is the significance you give them.

FRANK
You'd bet her life on it?

STEIN
Do I have to spell this out for you? Handled properly, this whole business could be good for a million dollars' worth of free... it could clinch her the nomination.

Frank grabs him by the collar and slams him up against a wall of curtain ropes.

FRANK
One word. One word in print about any of this...

Stein nods, half-gasping. Frank tightens his grip. Frank's attention is drawn by a renewed ROAR from the CROWD.

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INT. STAGE - NIGHT

Rachel scans the crowd, spread before her like a surreal mural. The thundering adoration is like a stimulant.

RACHEL
You like that? Would you like to hear another? Billy?

From the wings, Billy Thomas gives her the nod to go for it. It seems to be alright with everyone. The band starts playing a dance beat.

RACHEL
(on the prowl)
I think my feet are trying to tell me something.

The crowd explodes. They know what song is coming. They start to move with Rachel.

RACHEL
(dancing, talking)
I want to dance with somebody...

She skitters to the other side of the stage, baiting her fans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
I want to dance with somebody...

Two security guards nervously eye the crowd. When one fan tries to climb onstage, one of the guards darts out like a ball boy at a tennis match, pushes the fan back, and scurries to the far side to resume his vigilance.

CROWD SHOTS

mouthing the words to the song -- a clear favorite. Their rapture is complete. Rachel leans down and with arm extended pulls a dancer onstage.

The crowd surges toward her. Two security guards move in, but Rachel gestures for them to back off.

RACHEL'S POV

looking offstage at Frank. Frank's a very worried man. Rachel struts over the lip of the stage and pulls a second dance partner out of the crowd.

INT. WINGS - NIGHT

Stein stands well out of Frank's reach, staring at Rachel on stage. He catches Frank's attention, yelling back defiantly.

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STEIN
Look at her, fucking great.

INT. ONSTAGE - NIGHT

The crowd roars approval, Rachel dances erotically with the man -- bumping and grinding, sinking to her knees.

Frank quickly sizes up the scene. He waves Henry over, whispers something in his ear, and sends him scurrying toward an exit. Frank starts moving toward the stage.

The dam breaks, and three or four more men break through the security and gather around Rachel -- grabbing, beaming, sweating, clutching, in one writhing heap. The security guards rush to throw them off the stage before it gets out of hand. Guido charges onstage to help.

Several bodies are hurled offstage -- only to be replaced with four more. The scene resembles a rugby scrum -- with Rachel the ball. Finally, the pushing and pulling goes over the edge -- and Rachel and her fans tumble into the crowd.

Frank sees Rachel being passed over the heads of fans -- deeper into the audience.

CONTINUED:

Dan, in the audience, is frantic.

DAN
No! Don't hurt her. Rachel!

Dan struggles to reach her.

DAN
Don't hurt her.

A girl's in his way. Dan roughly pushes the girl aside, scratching her face. The girl's boyfriend swings at Dan and knocks him backward. Dan's hand goes to his nose. Blood trickles between his fingers.

DAN
Rachel.

CLOSE ON RACHEL

Fear fills her face. She's gone over the edge, literally and figuratively. She's lost control. Guido and the security guards are fighting to get to her, slamming bodies out of the way.

DAN'S POV

Rachel's being passed closer and closer to him.

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DAN
Don't hurt her.

He's kicking and screaming, trying to get to her. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a knife. The blade slashes against a stockinged leg, drawing a line of blood. It flashes again, gashing an arm. The wounds are more surprising than life-threatening. People react mostly in disbelief as Dan struggles to get to Rachel.

FRANK'S POV

He spots a fire extinguisher in the wings.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank grabs it and heads to center stage. He aims the extinguisher at the crowd between Rachel and the stage. The chemical foam does its job, scattering fans.

CLOSE ON DAN

slipping on the foam and falling backwards.

Frank leaps onto the floor, makes his way to Rachel and takes her in his arms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he heads back towards the stage, Dan scrambles to his feet and plants himself between Frank and the stage. Blood streams down his chin.

DAN
(pathetically)
Rachel.

Without breaking stride, Frank plants a foot in Dan's chest and sends him sprawling. Guido runs ahead of Frank, knocks a fan off the stage and waves for Frank to follow.

FRANK
Guido, not there.

GUIDO
I'll take care of this.

He heads for the door. Frank shouts.

FRANK
That won't be necessary.

GUIDO
Just follow me, Frank.

He turns and heads out to the sidewalk like a bull.

EXT. ROXY THEATER - NIGHT

Guido bursts out the front door and begins cutting a swath through the crowd.

GUIDO
Make way here. Outta the way!

A burly street regular gets a shove from Guido and comes back hard. The crowd immediately sides with him, yelling encouragement. But Guido is the better man and sends him sprawling. The rest of the way to the curb opens up.

At the curb Guido discovers there is no limo and turns in bewilderment to Rachel. But she is not there.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Rachel and Frank emerge from the darkness between two garbage bins and get into the limo Henry has waiting there. The car moves out.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The limo pulls away and speeds down the street.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Frank turns and looks at Rachel. She is diminutive, doll-like, alone in the center of the large limousine seat. Her hands rise to her face and her body begins to shake with sobs as she sits there alone.

Frank turns away to avoid staring at her, but he feels uncomfortable. Henry senses what is going on and speaks softly.

HENRY
Never done that before.

FRANK
It's been a long night.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

They enter. Frank crosses to a wall alarm panel and resets the movement detectors. Then he proceeds up the stairs and Rachel follows.

Frank waits as Rachel glances in at Fletcher. Then she moves away. Opening the door to her room, she steps back, allowing him to enter ahead.

INT. RACHEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Frank moves quickly through the room glancing into the bathroom, closets, and checking the window and French doors. Rachel waits silently by the door. All is clear. He steps back to the door. As he approaches her she begins to tremble.

He gently reaches out and takes her in his arms. Slowly, holding her he leads her to the bed.

Her hands go automatically to her dress but they are shaking so badly she cannot undo it. Frank gently does it for her. She willingly allows him to undress her and not a word is spoken between them.

He takes away her torn stockings, then as she sits naked, still trembling, he pulls down the covers and guides her gently into bed. As he adjusts the covers she reaches up and takes hold of his hand. He kneels beside her, stroking her forehead like a child's.

RACHEL
Aren't you going to ask me why I behave like that?

FRANK
I know why.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Frank sits alone at a table in the huge kitchen, carefully cutting and eating a peach. The DOOR at the other end of the room SLAMS open and Guido stalks in. He has just made his way home from the Roxy and he is boiling. He sights on Frank and moves toward him fast.

Frank just watches until Guido is almost upon him. As Guido reaches out to lift him by his shirt, Frank spins low out of his seat. Guido's legs are knocked out from under him. He lands hard on his back and finds himself looking up at Frank, who holds him down with the chair he was sitting on, like a lion tamer. A leg strut presses against Guido's throat. Frank looks down at him questioningly, as if to ask, "Had enough?"

Guido scowls and nods. Frank lifts the chair away. Guido stands and faces him. Frank turns away and Guido throws a punch at his head, barely catching him as Frank ducks and moves in under it. He hits Guido twice and throws him against a cabinet. Guido gets up slowly, looks around and grabs a carving knife from a hook on the wall. He holds it in front of him threateningly.

Frank shakes his head. He's getting irritated. He picks up the knife he'd been using on the peach and flips it in his hand so he's holding it by the blade. With the same fluid motion we've seen earlier, he throws it at Guido.

It sticks in the wall an inch from Guido's ear. Guido does a slow take and then lowers his blade. Frank picks his dirty dish and takes it to the sink. He glances at Guido.

FRANK
I don't want to talk about this again.

EXT. PORCH OF J.D.'S HOUSE - MORNING

Nicki, wearing a robe, is sitting at the breakfast table gazing off at the scrub-covered hills and the sea beyond. J.D. paces a short distance away, speaking on the phone. Newspapers and the remnants of a late brunch are spread on the table. J.D. finishes his conversation and returns to the table.

J.D.
Tommy Margolin heard from someone who was at the Roxy, they said some guy put a human hand in her dressing room.

NICKI
I told you it was a clay impression of Fletcher's hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

J.D.
Whatever. Of course, it would break my heart if anything happened to her.

NICKI
Come on, let's not talk about Rachel.

Nicki is silent.

J.D.
Maybe you like being her doormat, but I don't. Funny, your sister used to love it when I got her high, now it's like I don't even exist.

NICKI
Things changed after Richard died, J.D., you know that.

J.D.
Don't bring him up to me, I didn't have nothing to do with that. Anyway, that was then, I'm talking about now.
(exasperated)
I can't figure you out. The bitch takes your baby away and you don't want to talk about it?

NICKI
She did what she thought was right.

J.D.
You're saying you aren't a good mother?

NICKI
I'm saying I wasn't capable at the time.

J.D.
What about now, Nicki -- Can you pick his schools? His nanny? Who provides for him? Now that she's got legal custody.

NICKI
J.D., stop it.

They have obviously been through this many times before. J.D. puts apple butter on a piece of baguette.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

J.D.
How many nights have I spent with you crying your eyes out?
(consoling)
Listen, Nicki. You'd better start thinking about your future. 'Cause believe me you don't fit into hers.

NICKI
(defensive)
Rachel always said she'd take care of us.

J.D.
Maybe, but how come Fletcher's the one with the trust fund?

NICKI
That's what this is? This is all about the money?

J.D.
No, Nicki, this is all about us, our future together. And getting your son back.

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She's sobbing painfully. J.D. rises and crosses to Nicki. He puts his arms around her and comforts her.

EXT. MARRON ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - DUSK

Frank has been talking to the uniformed guard in the gate house and now begins walking up the drive toward the mansion. The grounds are beautiful, quiet.

Rachel, in a bright sweat suit, comes jogging down the driveway toward him.

When she reaches him and stops to talk, she keeps pumping her legs a little, even though it's clear she's only been running a minute. The bright suit softens her appearance; she looks lovely. Her manner too has altered; she is charming -- friendly and very girlish.

RACHEL
Hey!

FRANK
Hey.

RACHEL
You're probably wondering what I'm doing.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL (CONT'D)
(after Frank nods)
You didn't know I jogged, did you?
(as Frank shakes his head)
You'd probably rather I didn't jog, would you?
(as Frank nods)
'Fraid I'll get picked off in my snazzy running suit.

FRANK
No. I'm afraid I'll have to jog with you.

Rachel smiles, still pumping.

RACHEL
So you're against it?

Frank smiles.

RACHEL
Great. I guess I can't do it.

Rachel stops pumping, gasps for air, and for one moment, rests a hand on Frank's arm to support herself. She removes it quickly.

RACHEL
You bruised Guido's ego you know that?

FRANK
I was afraid he was going to hurt me.

Rachel smiles.

RACHEL
Will you walk with me a little?

Frank nods and they cut off across the grounds.

RACHEL
My voice teacher gave me this outfit. Thought it would help my wind. But I hate running. It hurts, you know?
(as Frank smiles)
So, I just put on the suit every once in a while. I think it's helping.

Frank laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
(this is hard)
About last night... I know it's late, but I'm glad you're here. I'm going to try to cooperate.

FRANK
That would be good.

They walk in silence for a few moments.

RACHEL
Most of the men I meet are in the business -- you know, on the phone all the time --

Frank nods at her, as if expecting more, but she appears lost in thought. They walk. When Rachel finally speaks, she sounds genuinely unsure of herself, nervous. It's very appealing. And if it's an act, she's a terrific actress.

RACHEL
Farmer... I have this problem. This minor little problem. You see, I'd like to go out for an evening. Just me and a guy. You know...
(makes a funny face)
... like a date. But I can't go out on a date because you have to be with me every minute. I mean, what if he asked me up to his place afterwards? Are you going to come too?
(a beat)
I always wondered what those Presidential daughters did about that.
(shrugs, a glance at him)
So, the only thing I can figure is for you to take me out.
(pause)
So... that's what I was wondering... you know. What do you think? But only if you want to.

Frank is bemused.

RACHEL
Only if you want to... I'm not so bad.
(looks at him)
God, this is embarrassing. I'm gonna run up ahead there. You decide.

She runs up the hill to the pool area, which is now above them. He walks up after her.

INT. UPSTAIRS WINDOW - NICKI'S POV - DUSK

She sees Frank reach Rachel. Rachel breaks into a smile and touches him lightly on the arm.

EXT. KOKUSAI THEATRE - NIGHT

Frank and Rachel exit with a small crowd. Rachel wears a scarf and tinted glasses. The combination goes a long way toward disguising her. They pause at one of the display windows. Inside is a poster for the movie, YOJIMBO, a large picture of Toshiro Mifune looking scruffy and fierce.

RACHEL
Well, he didn't look like he wanted to die to me.

FRANK
There's a big difference between wanting to die and having no fear of death.

They walk down the sidewalk.

RACHEL
Well, he sure creamed 'em all in the end.

FRANK
Yeah, it was a good movie.

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As they walk off down the street --

RACHEL
How many times have you seen this?

FRANK
Sixty-two times.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It's a bit of a dive, but the food is good, the atmosphere is great and the MUSIC is vintage Motown.

RACHEL
Your kinda place?

Frank nods.

RACHEL
Your kinda music?
(as he smiles)
You figure no one can get by you here?

FRANK
If someone is willing to swap his life for a kill, nothing can stop him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
That's comforting. What do I need you for?

FRANK
He might get me instead.

RACHEL
You'd do that for... how much...

She fumbles for a number.

FRANK
Don't worry. You can afford it.

RACHEL
You'd still do it. Why?

FRANK
I can't sing.

RACHEL
Maybe there's some glory in saving a president or something, but just anyone...

FRANK
You mean like you? It's a matter of conditioning and discipline.

RACHEL
I don't trust discipline. At the crucial moment I'd cop out.

FRANK
That happens.

RACHEL
But not with you, Fierce Frank.

FRANK
It happens.

A beat.

RACHEL
Have you ever liked anybody?

FRANK
What do you mean?

RACHEL
Like me -- a girl.

Frank knows what she's driving at. But he's not at all happy to relinquish this information.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
A long time ago.

RACHEL
Oh God!
(begins to laugh, can't help herself)
She didn't die did she? You weren't on a date or something, parked, you know, making out and somebody broke in and killed her, were you?

Frank deadpan.

FRANK
Yes.

Rachel reacts, she's worried.

FRANK
It was terrible... No, nice try though.
(pause)
She didn't want me.

A SONG comes on the jukebox -- "Got To Have All Your Lovin'." Frank smiles as Rachel begins to sing.

RACHEL
So, is this a full service date, Frank?

Frank's wary.

RACHEL
I'm just asking you to dance.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Frank and Rachel navigate a tiny dance floor. Rachel hums softly, picking up the words to the song.

A dish drops to the floor. Frank, still dancing, makes a smooth quick turn that puts his body between Rachel and the noise. His head turns to locate the source of the noise.

RACHEL
Don't worry, I'll protect you.

They drift back into the music, Rachel singing, Frank watching.

EXT. MARRON ESTATE PARKING AREA - NIGHT

Seen from what might be an upstairs window, Frank's car stops and he gets out with Rachel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Their mood is obvious from laughter and the way that Rachel takes Frank's hand as they walk toward the house. Frank opens the door and disengages the alarm. Rachel enters.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rachel and Frank move along the hallway to her room. He opens the door, turns on the light and checks inside. Rachel watches from the doorway. When Frank returns to the doorway, she stops very close to him.

RACHEL
I suppose this is where discipline demands we say good night.

Frank says nothing. Rachel smiles.

RACHEL
I'll check on Fletcher. Don't be here when I come back... Unless you want to be distracted.

Frank smiles and waits in the doorway as Rachel walks down the hall to Fletcher's room. She opens the door and steps inside.

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INT. FLETCHER'S ROOM - NIGHT

She looks inside the room then crosses to Fletcher's sleeping form. After gently kissing his brow, she turns for the door. A Gioconda smile, and something in her overall attitude, tells us she is looking forward to a night with Frank. When she closes Fletcher's door and looks toward her room, Frank is gone.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Frank's in his room, the door opens slowly and Rachel comes in.

RACHEL
You're a hard man to figure, Frank Farmer.

FRANK
Rachel, I don't want to get confused about what I'm doing here.

RACHEL
I'm not confused.

She crosses to the window, looks out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
If you left your bed here you'd have a view.

FRANK
I'm not here for the view.

Rachel spies the samurai sword lying in its scabbard on Frank's bureau. She picks it up, holds it in both hands.

RACHEL
What's this?

FRANK
My good luck charm.

She grabs the scabbard with one hand.

RACHEL
May I?

Frank nods. Rachel begins to unsheath the sword.

FRANK
Watch yourself.

Rachel slides the scabbard off. The naked blade is breathtaking. Rachel holds the sword out before her. She walks toward Frank, then looks over the blade at him.

RACHEL
Scared?

Frank stands up so that the point of the sword is only about an inch from his chest. He reaches out over the blade to Rachel's neck and unties the silk scarf she is wearing there. One hand draws the scarf away. The other hand lingers for a moment on her neck, then lifts away.

FRANK
Watch this.

He has raised the scarf over his head, in the space between them. With two hands he spreads it out and then lets it go. Slowly billowing, the scarf floats down over the blade and is cut in two. These two pieces float slowly to the floor.

Frank takes Rachel's wrist and moves the sword away to the side. They are both holding it as Rachel presses her body against Frank's and they begin to kiss.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Rachel comes down the hall in a terrycloth robe, carrying a loaded breakfast tray.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Rachel comes in, carrying the tray full of food. Frank is fully dressed and ready to start his day. She's clearly disappointed.

RACHEL
I told you I'd be right back.

Frank looks uneasy.

RACHEL
It's only bagels, no jacket required...

Frank is still silent.

RACHEL
What? Have I done something wrong?

FRANK
No, nothing.

RACHEL
Then what is it?

FRANK
You pay me to protect you, that's what I do.

Rachel moves toward him seductively.

RACHEL
Do you want me to beg?

FRANK
No, I want you to do without.

She stops.

RACHEL
What's going on, Frank?

FRANK
I want to keep it straight in my head what job I'm doing.

RACHEL
And what is that exactly? Making me feel like shit?

FRANK
I'm sorry...

RACHEL
Don't apologize for Godsake. Just tell me what I did. I'm a big girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
I made a mistake.

RACHEL
What mistake?... you don't find me attractive anymore.

FRANK
Christ! I've told you why.

RACHEL
And what? That's it for me?

FRANK
Yeah...

RACHEL
I don't believe it.

FRANK
Well, you can live with that or you can fire me.

RACHEL
But I can't fuck you.

Frank looks at her.

RACHEL
I don't believe this.
(beat)
I'm asking you?... Let me tell you...

She stops suddenly, turns and leaves the room. His eyes follow her out the door.

EXT. MARRON ESTATE - SWIMMING POOL - LATER

Frank stoops beside the pool and nudges Fletcher's boat into deeper water.

STEIN (O.S.)
Farmer!

Frank watches Stein walk toward him, a man on a mission.

STEIN
Put together a list of your expenses. Your total billing... bring it by my office in one hour and I'll see that a check is cut.

Stein starts back to the house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
Don't you ever say what's on your mind?

Stein turns, obviously annoyed at being so addressed.

STEIN
(almost shouts)
What's on my mind is that you're fired, Frank. She missed all her appointments yesterday because of your little date. First you fuck up her career...

Behind Stein, Rachel steps onto the balcony off her bedroom.

STEIN
And now you're fucking with her head.

FRANK
That's between us.

STEIN
You think so? You forget who signs your check. You don't understand the role I play around here.

FRANK
I understand the role you play a whole lot better than you want me to.

Stein stiffens, then decides to take this one on.

STEIN
Get your shit together and be out of here by noon.

Stein starts back to the house.

RACHEL (O.S.)
If he goes you can forget Miami.

Stein and Frank both look up at her.

STEIN
(smiles)
You've got contracts, sweetheart. Want me to read them to you?

RACHEL
Fuck the contracts. If he goes I won't sing a note.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stein considers her for a moment.

STEIN
Let's see, I guess the first was that sound man, Mike Duggan... What did he cost us... Then Bobby Emshwiller, he was fairly decent, but his wife made a hell of a fuss... Then there was...
(laughs)
... shit, that's quite a list.

There's a warning in Rachel's voice as she speaks to Stein.

RACHEL
Stop trying to provoke me. I'm tired of games... Frank stays.

Stein studies her for a beat.

STEIN
Well, you and I have to get along, so I guess I'm stuck.

Rachel nods.

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STEIN
(little boy look)
I gave in. That's not easy for me. Do I get a hug?

On the balcony, Rachel turns and disappears into her room.

INT. SQUIRREL HILL PRODUCTIONS - RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is filled with congratulatory balloons and flowers, heralding the morning's news of Rachel's Best Actress Nomination. Nicki walks in holding yet another arrangement.

NICKI
This one's from Rob at Warner's.

Rachel stands at one end of her large, comfortable office, golf putter in hand, leaning over a ball. She strokes the putt and watches the ball come up just short of a cup across the room.

RACHEL
The little prick. A year ago he wouldn't return my calls.

Devaney speaks on the phone and Stein paces a short distance away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVANEY
Ben...
(listening)
Ben, the Ambassador might be better, but Rachel wants the Presidential.

Stein has lost his cool.

STEIN
Let me talk to him...

He steps up to Devaney and takes the phone.

STEIN
Schiller, this is Sy Stein. The woman's just won an Oscar nomination and you're jerking us around... I'd like to remind you people that you invited us...

(NOTE: Stein's conversation overlaps the subsequent dialogue.)

Devaney gets up, walks to the open door and speaks out to the reception area.

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DEVANEY
Farmer, would you come in here?

Frank steps into the office, holding several letters.

DEVANEY
Do you know the Grand Plaza Hotel in Miami Beach?

Frank nods.

DEVANEY
How does the Ambassador Suite compare to the Presidential for us?

Frank thinks only a moment.

FRANK
It's on the twentieth floor in the south wing. There's a service elevator right there. Mainly ocean windows. Should be no problem.

STEIN
(shouting)
When you solicit a Rachel Marron for a charity event...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rachel rolls her eyes and gestures for the phone.

RACHEL
Two managers and neither of them can get me a suite in a Miami hotel.

Frank starts to leave. Rachel reaches for his arm as she steps to the phone.

RACHEL
Hang around. We might need your vaunted expertise.

Rachel hits a button, throwing the call onto a speaker.

RACHEL
Hello, Ben, honey.

SCHILLER (V.O.)
Rachel, congratulations, you must be thrilled.

RACHEL
Oh, thanks, Ben, I can hardly believe it.

SKLIN
(chimes in)
Believe it, baby, we deserve it.

RACHEL
So, Ben. I hear you've got me in the annex next to the kitchen.

SCHILLER (V.O.)
Rachel, the Ambassador is fabulous. I just re-did it for The Donald. You'll love it.

RACHEL
Ben, I always get the Presidential.

There is silence at the other end of the line.

RACHEL
Ben, you're not doing this to me because I'm half-Italian, are you?

SCHILLER LAUGHS half-heartedly.

SCHILLER (V.O.)
Rachel, I'm in a bind --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
Is it because I'm only half-Jewish?

SCHILLER (V.O.)
Rachel, honey, I've got Governor Callahan that whole week. He's got the Presidential Suite.

RACHEL
Governor Callahan? I don't think I've heard his latest release. Is he a big draw?

SCHILLER (V.O.)
We're trying to get the Republican Convention down here, for chrissake!

RACHEL
You want Republicans down there, get him laid. Don't give him my suite.

SCHILLER (V.O.)
Rachel, it's right in your contract.

Rachel walks over to the speaker of the phone and leans close.

RACHEL
Ben, I realize you've got a serious problem on your hands. But if you really want me to appear I have confidence that you can handle it.

Long silence.

SCHILLER (V.O.)
(defeated)
All right... Goodbye, Rachel.

RACHEL
See you soon, Ben, honey.

The TELEPHONE SPEAKER goes DEAD. Rachel goes back to her putting. Frank hands Nicki the letter's he been holding.

FRANK
Send these over to Court and Minella.

NICKI
I'll get on it right away.

She hands him a bundle of mail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICKI
These are the question marks for today.

Frank takes the bundle and walks out.

Nikci gets up and heads for the outer office. She turns, addressing Rachel, Stein and Devaney.

NICKI
Oh, by the way, I'm adding a name to the list of people in our party.

Reading the surprise in Rachel's look, Nicki speaks directly to her.

NICKI
J.D.'s coming along... He'll pay his own way.

Nicki starts to walk out of the office, when Rachel's voice stops her.

RACHEL
Nicki, just a second.
(to the others)
Would you give us a minute?

The room clears.

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INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

Frank closes the door of the small, suite kitchen behind him and places the mail next to the sink, which is filled with water. He takes a knife and opens the first letter. It's from Dan:

MY DARLING RACHEL, THEY CAN'T KEEP ME FROM YOU. MY LOVE IS TOO STRONG.
-- DAN.

INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dan brings in his mail and quickly shuffles through it. The usual junk mail, a few bills and a large manila envelope from "Pereira and Leavit, Private Investigators."

Dan tears into the envelope and removes the contents, on top of which is a statement.

A quick glance at the statement: "One thousand six hundred and forty dollars for services rendered," a brief scan of the cover letter to a Mr. Daniel Kelly, thanking him for his business and offering to be of further service, and Dan's hands lift a typewritten report with a cover that reads: Rachel Marron Fact Sheet, Prepared by Pereira and Leavit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dan opens it and turns the pages. Details of Rachel's life are neatly arranged and noted. Place of birth, residences, living relatives, important dates, etc.

Dan closes the report. His hands rest atop it as though it were a holy scripture.

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

Frank continues working. He picks up the package. It has been addressed in the normal way, except that Rachel's name has been cut out of a magazine and pasted above the address. Frank turns off the water in the sink. He begins carefully slicing away the string and wrapping. Inside is a cardboard box. Slowly, he lifts the top. The contents are still hidden by packing paper. He picks it away with his fingers. Suddenly there is a LOUD BUZZING from the box and movement in the paper. Frank drops the box into the water in the sink.

The movement slows and stops. Frank extracts the item -- it is a wind-up mechanical beaver with a hand-painted sign hung around its neck:

WE LOVE YOU, RACHEL!
YOUR FANS IN BEAVER, PA.
SALLY AND KATE

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The BEAVER'S TEETH CLICK in Frank's hand.

There is an ear-splitting SCREAM from the direction of Rachel's office. Frank is gone.

RECEPTION AREA

Frank comes out of the kitchen in a blur. The receptionist is looking in the direction of Rachel's office. Guido is standing in front of Rachel's closed door, blocking it. Frank barely seems to notice him. Guido starts to go into an instinctive crouch.

RACHEL'S OFFICE

The DOOR EXPLODES inward. A huge mass flies across the room, bounces off a chest of drawers and lands on the floor. It is Guido.

Frank stops inside the doorway and looks toward the end of the office where the women are.

Rachel and Nicki have been interrupted in the middle of a screaming fight. Nicki is standing behind Rachel's desk, Rachel is in front of it. For a moment, they are stunned by the sight of Guido and Frank. Then all the venom returns to Rachel and it is aimed at Frank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
(screaming at Frank)
Get out! Get out! My sister isn't going to kill me, you asshole.

INT: DAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dan pats down a full suitcase. He carefully places a shiny clean hunting knife on the top and clicks the case closed. In the background he is tuned to "Entertainment This Week" and John Tesh is filling the viewers in on the latest Hollywood dirt.

JOHN TESH (V.O.)
Best Actress Nominee, Rachel Marron, unseats the Governor of Miami for a seat in the house -- or rather a suite. Seems there was a showdown on who'll get the star treatment at the Grand Plaza Hotel, where Rachel will be doing a benefit concert next week. Well, sleep tight in the Presidential Suite, Rachel.
(looks to Mar[illegible])
Who says a nomination isn't as good as winning.

EXT. GRAND PLAZA HOTEL (MIAMI BEACH) - HELICOPTER SHOT - DAY

We come STREAKING IN OVER the ocean TOWARD the towering, white Grand Plaza. There is a tiny figure on a balcony on the top floor.

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

Frank looks up and over the edge, around the corner. He leans slightly against the wrought iron railing. It sways precariously. Frank catches himself.

FRANK
Thuringer.

Frank kneels and inspects the fixture that anchors it to the cement balcony: the cement crumbles around it, a weld joint is broken on the side. THURINGER, the hotel security chief, joins Frank on the balcony. Frank shakes the railing.

THURINGER
God damn.

FRANK
I want this fixed.

THURINGER
I'll get someone right on it.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

Frank walks quickly across the living room of the lavish suite. Frank peers into several closets. Thuringer is waiting near the entrance hall. Frank nods to him.

FRANK
Okay. Let's go.

INT. HALLWAY - 20TH FLOOR

This is a semi-private corridor; there is only one other suite accessible from it. Frank looks at the door of that suite, then to Thuringer.

THURINGER
The Katzes of St. Louis. Very prominent. Come every year. An elderly couple and three grandchildren. A nurse and a maid.

The guest elevator opens and twelve-year-old MARK KATZ in a bathing suit, gets out and heads toward the Katz suite.

THURINGER
Hi, Mark. I want you to meet Mr. Farmer. Mark Katz.

MARK
Hi.

FRANK
Nice meeting you.

Mark goes into the Katz suite. Frank and Thuringer walk to the end of the hall. There is a service elevator and a stairway exit door. Frank opens the stairway door and goes inside. Thuringer follows.

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

The doorway closes behind the two men. Frank tries it; it's locked. On the next floor doorway, Frank tries the door, it too, is locked. Thuringer pulls out a loaded key ring from his belt and opens the door.

INT. HALLWAY - 19TH FLOOR - DAY

Thuringer indicates the first three rooms on the right.

THURINGER
These three are empty as you asked.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAY

Frank hits the bottom button. It moves downward.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The doors open to reveal the ugly service area of the hotel. Frank and Thuringer step out.

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR - DAY

The two men walk down the hall. Frank stops occasionally to look in a doorway. Hotel workers and delivery men move about. It's noisy.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Frank and Thuringer walk into and along the edge of the busy kitchen.

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

Frank and Thuringer go up a short stairway and through a door.

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - GRAND CENTRAL ROOM

The two men walk down a hallway in the deserted backstage of the main showroom of the hotel. There are dressing rooms on each side.

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INT. STAR DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Thuringer stands at the door of what will be Rachel's dressing room. Frank steps inside, glances around, checks the bathroom and leaves.

INT. OFFSTAGE AREA - DAY

Frank walks ahead of Thuringer. He looks around and pauses at the edge of the stage. Then he steps out onto center stage.

FRANK'S POV

as he takes in the mammoth room.

INT. CENTER STAGE

Frank stands center stage and looks around. The nakedness of this spot gets to him. He shakes his head and looks at Thuringer. Thuringer smiles.

FRANK
What a silly job this is.

EXT. LOWER LOBBY (GRAND PLAZA HOTEL) - DAY

Rachel walks swiftly toward the door which leads to the pool area, accompanied closely by Frank and BEN SCHILLER, the tough, fat fellow who owns the place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
Is this really necessary?

RACHEL
Yes.
(reaching the door)
Quit bitching, Farmer. This is the part you do get paid for.

Rachel sweeps out the door.

EXT. POOL AREA - DAY

The place is crowded with hundreds of guests basking on chaise lounges. The sight of the crowd seems to push Rachel to a whole new adrenaline level; she's fast and funny, really flying. As she passes a poolside bar, J.D. is standing there holding a drink, wearing a smug look. Rachel sees him and immediately averts her eyes. She turns as a tall, good-looking LIFEGUARD comes INTO VIEW. Rachel stops before him and eyes him appreciatively.

RACHEL
(to Lifeguard)
You look very intelligent to me. Come to my party tonight.
(to Schiller)
Ben, make sure this boy gets to my party.

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Schiller nods. Rachels glances at Frank and moves on.

RACHEL
Oh my God. Look what they're wearing. Mother, hide your eyes.

Rachel heads toward a girl on a chaise lounge. She is wearing a string bikini, large sunglasses and a floppy hat. All the guests throughout the pool area are now aware that Rachel Marron is among them.

RACHEL
(approaching the girl)
I can't wear that suit. Who can wear that? Honey, you're naked. Of course, if I had a body like that...

Rachel now has the complete attention of the pool crowd. A few people edge close, but Rachel dances through them lightly, patting an elderly cheek here and there. Rachel walks along, evaluating in words and expression the bodies displayed before her. Rachel now has the spectators in the palm of her hand. Heads crane. People stand, edge closer, like E.F. Hutton.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
(addressing them)
This is it, ladies and gents. Your one free peek. If you want to see more --
(teasing, she points to him)
Ben Schiller -- our gracious and greedy host, is going to hit you up for five hundred dollars a head. I know you can afford it. But remember, that includes one drink... and it's for a good cause.

Scattered applause. Rachel drinks it in. She starts to move off.

RACHEL
Thank you, thank you. Listen to that. You clap so well. All together and everything.

J.D. is sunning himself beside TOMMY RILEY, a large, well-built man in his mid-thirties, who grins as he watches Rachel.

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RILEY
Hey, Rachel, you're the greatest.

J.D.
I don't think that's a good idea.

J.D. seems pensive, concerned. Riley smiles.

RILEY
Relax. I'm looking around and I don't see a cloud in the fucking sky.

In the background Nicki approaches in a swim suit.

RILEY
Hey, Nicko, your sister was just out here. You could've introduced me.

Nicki's attitude toward Riley is cold. She sits beside J.D.

NICKI
I can only stay a half an hour.

Riley gets up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RILEY
Got the hint. I'll leave you lovebirds alone.

He plunges into the pool, drenching them in water. Nicki looks to J.D.

NICKI
Is he gonna be here the whole time?

J.D.
I didn't ask him to come down here, he's an old friend.

She considers this for a moment and hands him some sunscreen.

NICKI
Put some of this on my back.

J.D. watches over her shoulder as a grinning Riley drifts along the edge of the pool on a raft. He fist-squirts water on a pool-side waitress, sending her skipping away, annoyed from the pool's edge. Riley only laughs.

INT. BATHROOM - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT

The ROAR of the SHOWER. Rachel's head. The water beats down on her face and hair. She lets the tensions wash away with the hard spray. She reaches into the corner of the oversized shower stall for a half-finished drink. She steps out of the spray long enough to bring it to her lips. The Lifeguard is sitting on the closed toilet, his hair wet. He takes a toke from a large joint. Rachel looks out of the shower at him. She motions him out.

RACHEL
Go.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Lifeguard pulls on his jeans and a T-shirt and steps into sandals. He takes a last pull on the joint, throws the wet towel in a corner and opens the bedroom door.

INT. OUTSIDE MASTER BEDROOM (RACHEL'S SUITE) - NIGHT

The Lifeguard shuts Rachel's door behind him. Guido sits in a chair watching TV, a drink in his hand, oblivious to all. The Lifeguard makes his way down to the party.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In the living room the reception party is in full swing. Crowded. Smoky. Noisy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A mixed bag of expectant partygoers: women in party dresses, men in open shirts, etc. A black pianist is playing. Two bars at either end of the room. Waiters work the room with platters of canapes.

The Lifeguard pauses at the head of the stairs checking out the party, he grabs a glasss of champagne from a passing waiter. Frank catches the movement; the two men briefly lock eyes. The Lifeguard responds with a knowing smile.

EXT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE SUITE - NIGHT

Thuringer has set up a check-point through which all the guests are passing. As they get off the elevator, they walk up to a desk manned by one of Thuringer's uniformed guards. When their name has been checked off a master list, they walk past another guard wielding a metal detector. No one likes it, but they all do it.

A tall, fit, athletic looking man raises his arms; is cleared by the metal detector. He is GREG PORTMAN.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Portman makes his way through the crowd to the bar. His eyes scan the suite. His gaze settles on Frank checking out the people who filter in. Portman appears next to Frank.

PORTMAN
Hello, Farmer.

FRANK
Portman.

PORTMAN
Buy you a drink?

FRANK
Orange juice, please.
(to Portman)
It's been a while. You on the job?

PORTMAN
(nods)
Technically I'm off duty, but the governor may show up here later, so I thought I'd give it a light check.
(smiles)
Someone else is covering him right now.

FRANK
How old is she?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PORTMAN
Maybe eighteen.

Rachel has made her entrance, and is poising self-mocking above the crowd, accepting applause. She is wearing a caftan and has succeeded in underdressing everyone in the room. She's a star. Frank nods in her direction.

RACHEL
Thank you. Thank you. You're so right.

Scattered laughs.

RACHEL
I want everyone to have a good time and drink as much of Ben Schiller's liquor as you like.

Rachel descends into the crowd, laughing and blowing kisses.

PORTMAN
Handful.

Frank's look says if you only knew the half of it.

PORTMAN
I heard you had to take someone out in Detroit.

Frank remembers.

PORTMAN
I lost track of you after the Reagan thing.

FRANK
Yeah.

PORTMAN
It wasn't your fault, Farmer. You weren't even there.

A pause.

PORTMAN
About a year ago I got a call. An Italian. He said you'd recommended me.

FRANK
Surprised?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PORTMAN
A little. Had to turn it down, but I appreciate it.

Portman notices Rachel looking at him. She smiles, and starts to make her way to them. Rachel takes Frank's orange juice and sips. Makes a face.

RACHEL
(to Portman)
The guy's a party animal.

Rachel gives Portman an approving once-over.

RACHEL
Who are you?

PORTMAN
Greg Portman.

RACHEL
I take it you've met my bodyguard?

PORTMAN
We used to work together.

RACHEL
(suddenly more interested)
Ah... a piece of the past. Well, well, well. And what do you do now?

PORTMAN
Same thing as Farmer.

RACHEL
You on duty?

PORTMAN
Not now.

RACHEL
Good.

She gives Frank a look and sashays into the crowd.

EXT. LIVING ROOM BALCONY - LATER

Rachel's taking a breather on the balcony, drinking champagne, talking to Portman and another couple. Everybody's high and happy. Conversation bubbles.

FRANK'S POV

Rachel leans into Portman; heads together, they whisper intimately.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rachel laughs, then, for one brief moment, turns her head to look directly at Frank. Her look is petulant, defiant. Portman does not see this.

Riley at the bar, waits while a bartender fills his champagne glass. He turns to take in the party. He ogles one pretty woman's cleavage, salaciously leads his eye up, up, up a long, fish-net stockinged leg to a magnificent butt, barely concealed beneath a black knit mini-dress. He drinks his champagne in one gulp, and holds his glass out for a refill. The bartender starts to return the bottle to an ice cooler, Riley takes it from him and makes his way through the crowd.

ANGLE ON GUIDO

As he helps himself to a handful of canapes, he turns at the sound of a COMMOTION out on the balcony.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

A couple is slammed from behind into Rachel and Portman, pushing both of them halfway over the railing. Portman's champagne splatters the front of Rachel's dress. Her glass sails into the night. Rachel screams.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Frank hears the scream and bolts for the balcony.

ON BALCONY

The newly-repaired railing gives but doesn't break.

RACHEL'S POV

Straddling the railing, staring down at 20 stories of distance between her and the pool area.

Way, way below her, her GLASS hits the tile with a muffled SHATTERING sound.

BACK TO SCENE

Portman regains his balance first and pulls Rachel back to safety.

Riley looks up sheepishly from the pile of bodies.

RILEY
Oh, God, I'm sorry. I tripped.
Oh, God. Are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frank pushes through the crowd. He sees Portman with his arm around Rachel, consoling her. The front of Rachel's dress is stained with champagne.

FRANK
What happened?

Riley gets to his feet, helping the couple.

PORTMAN
Somebody tripped.

RILEY
It was my fault.

RACHEL
Thank God I had a bodyguard here.

She grasps the railing and looks over.

RACHEL
It's a long way down, Frank.
(to Portman)
You saved my life.

Frank eyes the newly-welded anchor fixture.

Rachel takes Portman by the arm.

RACHEL
Maybe someone will keep an eye on me while I change.

She leads Portman past Frank and up the stairs toward her bedroom. Frank and Portman lock eyes. Portman shrugs; he feels badly for Frank.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Frank walks to the bar for a refill. The bartender fills Frank's glass with straight orange juice. A stunning WOMAN IN GREEN glides down the bar and stands very close to Frank.

WOMAN IN GREEN
I've been watching you all night from across the room.

FRANK
Why don't you go back there and keep watching?

Frank looks at Rachel's doorway thinking.

A large Bald-Headed Man in the corner suddenly begins shouting obscenities at the girl with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frank motions to the uniformed Guards who have appeared at the entrance to the suite.

The two Guards approach the Bald-Headed Man and try to talk to him. The Bald-Headed Man turns and lands a solid right to one of the Guards's nose. The Guard goes down. The other Guard attempts to grab the Bald-Headed Man from behind. The Bald-Headed Man sends him flying across a sofa.

Frank appears and hits the Bald-Headed Man once in the chest with his forearm. We can hear the blow rattle through the man's body. The Bald-Headed Man flies flat against the wall behind him, a blank expression on his face. He begins to slide down the wall, but Frank catches him.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Frank steps back out of the elevator. The Bald-Headed Man is on the floor in the corner of the elevator. A uniformed Guard pushes a button and the doors close. Frank heads back into the suite.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Frank steps outside. The moonlight reflects brightly off the ocean. The SURF sounds a steady beat. It is peaceful and quiet. A relief.

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Frank looks out at the ocean, then glances off to his left. On the other balcony, a few feet away, Mark Katz is leaning against the railing, staring at Rachel's suite. Frank smiles at him.

FRANK
(softly)
Go to sleep.

Frank fixes his gaze once more at the ocean. After a pause, in the b.g., Mark slips inside his suite. Frank is totally divorced from everything in the suite behind him, in the world around him. There is only the moon and the ocean.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

It is noon of the following day. Frank sits at the kitchen table eating a sandwich. A Cuban maid has set a place across the table from him with breakfast. The maid places some orange juice and leaves the kitchen.

Rachel walks in. She looks terrible. She is wearing sunglasses and a loose smock. She sits down at the table as though the walk in had been a terrible effort. She looks at the breakfast with distaste and picks up the coffee. Frank continues to eat. Rachel looks at him.

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
(nasty)
What the hell are you looking at?
(pause)
You probably never had a heavy night in your whole, goddamn disciplined life.

Frank looks at her, continues to eat.

RACHEL
You know, Farmer, you're a self-righteous son-of-a-bith.

Frank has to smile. Which makes Rachel even angrier.

RACHEL
Don't laugh at me, goddamnit! And don't you dare judge me.

FRANK
Give me a break, will ya? I didn't tell you to fuck everybody in the hotel.

RACHEL
(with heat)
What difference does it make to you? Do you care?

Frank picks up his dishes, walks to the sink.

RACHEL
You know... I'm getting very tired of having you around.

FRANK
I'm easy to get rid of.

Frank finishes drinking his glass of orange juice. Suddenly the fight goes out of Rachel. She looks out the window away from Frank.

RACHEL
(finally)
I don't know why I come to Miami.
(softer)
I have no self-control.

EXT. HOTEL BACK LOBBY - LATER THAT DAY

Frank and Thuringer are in a small reception area near the back of the hotel. Glass walls and elevators give access to all the comings and goings from the main hotel area and the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THURINGER
Personnel has got full reports on all hotel and kitchen personnel... no recent hirings.

Frank nods.

As Thuringer turns, Frank sees the service elevator doors open. The Lifeguard steps out. He smiles at Frank and heads out the back door to the employee parking garage. Frank throws a subconscious glance up to the twentieth floor. He barely hears Thuringer.

THURINGER
(looks at watch)
I've got our stage manager holding them if you want to talk to them.

FRANK
(a beat)
Sure.

Dan walks through the kitchen area and stops when he sees Frank's back. He turns to leave, but an employee is pushing a dish cart in his direction. Dan begins to panic. He turns quickly around, slides his hand into his pocket and clutches at something as he moves by Frank. Frank looks at him for a moment as he passes by and exits out the back door. Frank gets an uneasy feeling. He's trying to put the pieces together. Another look up to the twentieth floor.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The Lifeguard walks toward his red Mazda Miata in the deserted employee parking area.

As he passes several parked cars, Dan steps out and falls in behind him. The Lifeguard is aware of him but totally unalarmed.

As they near his car, Dan quickens his pace. Coming up behind the Lifeguard, he makes a quick jab with a Rapala fishing knife towards the Lifeguard's back.

The Lifeguard feels a sharp stab of pain just above his belt. He turns around while feeling for the spot with his hand.

LIFEGUARD
Hey, what the fuck?

Dan retreats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIFEGUARD
What? Are you fucking crazy?

Dan stares at the Lifeguard. He is pale with rage.

DAN
(choking with emotion)
Hey, cabana boy. You like to brag? You Fuck... I love her, you filthy son of...

Dan rushes in and jabs at him again. The knife pierces the Lifeguard's abdomen but not deep enough to cause real harm. Another jab and another, the Lifeguard is weakening, going into shock.

Another wild stab catches the Lifeguard in the chest and brings him to his knees, pale, eyes glazing; there is blood everywhere.

DAN
Now she's dead.

A SOUND distracts Dan. When he hears the sound a second time, he bolts -- his feet slapping against the concrete.

INT. 20TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

The service elevator door opens and Frank steps out. He walks toward the entrance of Rachel's suite and is immediately alarmed by what he sees: there is no uniformed guard by the front door. Frank flashes on the images of the Lifeguard and the face he couldn't place. He unlocks the door and goes inside.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

Frank comes in and looks around quickly.

FRANK'S POV

looking over the living room, hallways, balcony. No one in sight. Nothing disturbed. Frank walks swiftly to Rachel's bedroom, throws open the door, goes inside. No one.

BACK TO SCENE

As Frank comes out of Rachel's bedroom, Devaney comes out of one of the other bedrooms, a panicked look on his face. They face each other across the gulf of the living room.

ANOTHER ANGLE

FRANK
Where is she? Where's Guido?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVANEY
I don't know.

Frank is at the telephone; he punches out three numbers.

FRANK
(into the phone)
Thuringer, this is Farmer. Where's your man on the door to the suite?
(listens)
Well, get someone up here.

Frank hangs up the phone, looks at Devaney.

FRANK
He doesn't know.

They look at each other worried. Frank walks out onto the balcony, looks around and down, comes back in. He heads for the front door.

DEVANEY
Where are you going?

ENTRANCE HALL

We hear LAUGHTER. The door opens. Rachel and Guido come through the door in high spirits, their arms full of shopping bags and packages.

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Frank stops dead and watches. Rachel glances at him and goes into the living room. Guido looks at him meaningfully and follows. Frank reflects for a moment, then pulls the front door closed, oh so gently.

LIVING ROOM

Rachel drops packages around and goes to the bar, pours herself a drink. Guido takes some packages to Rachel's bedroom.

RACHEL
Hello, Devaney.

DEVANEY
Rachel, where the hell you been?

RACHEL
Guido and I went over to Bal Harbour. Did a little shopping.

Guido comes back, a smile playing across his lips. Frank watches from near the entrance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVANEY
We were worried.
(looks at Frank, talks to Rachel)
You know you're not supposed to do that.

Frank and Rachel look at each other a long time. Frank's look is more intimidating and Rachel finally looks away, takes a drink. In the lull, Stein lets himself in the front door.

DEVANEY
(conciliatory)
Okay. It was a mistake. Let's let it go and from now on...

Stein steps up.

STEIN
What was a mistake. What are we talking about?

FRANK
(to Devaney)
One more time, and I'm gone.

RACHEL
(to Frank)
Farmer, you work here! Do you understand that? You work for me.

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DEVANEY
Rachel.

RACHEL
I've had it with this guy.

Frank looks at her. He does not like what she's doing to him, the feelings she arouses in him.

DEVANEY
Shut up, Rachel, do you realize you've got a show in less than two hours?

Frank turns and heads for the door. Devaney looks at him anxiously.

DEVANEY
Farmer, where are you going?

FRANK
I'm gonna check the route.

CONTINUED:

Devaney looks at him pleadingly.

FRANK
I'll be back.

He opens the front door and exits.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAY

Frank's face shows the tension and the anger. The elevator descends.

INT. BASEMENT - SERVICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Frank walks along checking the corridor. At each doorway, he stops, looks inside. One room is dark. He Flicks on the light. Near the door is a pile of wooden crates, placed unnaturally out from the wall. Frank walks over and looks inside. They are discarded vegetable crates. Frank goes back to the door and yells toward the kitchen.

FRANK
Gomez! Louis Gomez!

He waits impatiently. No one comes. Two quick steps and he is back at the CRATES, throwing them violently into the corner where they CLATTER LOUDLY to the floor.

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INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Frank walks along the edge of the kitchen, looks over the workers. A kitchen worker is in Frank's path. He looks up, sees Frank's face and scurries out of his way.

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

Frank comes through the door from the kitchen and is about to take the short stairway to the backstage area. He stops, noticing something around the side, under the stairs. He investigates.

An ENORMOUS BLACK MAN is sitting on some boxes under the stairs. He doesn't bat an eye when he sees Frank.

FRANK
What are you doing?

ENORMOUS BLACK MAN
I don't see that's any of your fuckin' business.

FRANK
Move it.

CONTINUED:

The Enormous Black Man gets slowly up from the boxes. He towers over Frank.

ENORMOUS BLACK MAN
Shove it up your ass, motherfucker.

Frank has had enough for one afternoon. He hits the Black Man low and hard. The man crumples forward, hurt, but manages to enfold Frank in an awesome bear hug. His weight carries them backward in Frank's direction.

The Black Man continues moving in that direction, but Frank is no longer in his grasp. Instead, incredibly, Frank seems to have passed through the man's body and flicked him into the corner of the stairwell.

The Black Man hits the wall hard. Jarred but not lost, he comes up and out wielding a long mop as if it were a baseball bat.

Frank steps in and under the man's long arms and hits him four times around the chest and jaw. Each of Frank's hands lands twice, but their movement is barely visible. The solid thudding tells the story.

The Black Man goes down. Frank, his expression fierce, is upon him immediately. Frank's arms entwine the Black Man's and he begins to lift him roughly. The door at the top of the steps opens and a woman screams.

CLEANING WOMAN (O.S.)
Stop! Please. Don't hurt him.
Please stop!

Frank looks up to the top of the steps. A hotel CLEANING WOMAN, carrying her purse, is coming down the steps, tears already on her face.

CLEANING WOMAN
Don't hurt my husband, mister. He ain't up to nothing.

Frank lets the Black Man down gently and stands up. Disgusted with himself. Breathing hard, he leans back against the wall. The Cleaning Woman falls to her knees and hugs her husband protectively.

FRANK
I'm sorry.

EXT. KITCHEN - DAY

Frank steps outside, rubs a hand through his hair, tries to collect himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's standing amidst dumpsters and discarded food boxes. He looks up and sees a marquee.

RACHEL MARRON. TONITE. BENEFIT CONCERT. 8 P.M.

INT. SUITE - DAY

Devaney's just putting the phone down. He looks up quickly as Frank walks through the door.

FRANK
I'm through, Devaney, I'll get you back to L.A. and that's it.

DEVANEY
She got another phone call. While you were downstairs.

FRANK
I don't care.

DEVANEY
She thought it was Fletcher, she answered it herself. It was the guy.

FRANK
Save it. Devaney, the people who hire me don't have to be convinced to save their own lives.

Frank turns to go.

DEVANEY
Farmer, it really shook her up. I've never seen Rachel like this.

Frank gives him a look, he's heard it all before.

DEVANEY
Goddamn it, Frank, he's here. He said he stabbed a lifeguard. He said it was because he loved her.
(a beat)
Frank, they found the guy in the parking lot, right where he said he would be.

FRANK
Is he alive?

DEVANEY
Barely.

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY - AFTERNOON

Frank comes out for a breath of fresh air. The breeze washes his face. A huge yacht sails by, close to shore. He hears a SIREN. Frank picks out the paramedics van as it leaves the parking garage and heads into traffic, lights flashing, SIREN SCREAMING.

He senses another presence and looks to his right. Rachel sits huddled in a chair outside her bedroom, six feet away. The low sun illuminates her as she looks to sea. She is wearing one of her spectacular show gowns, her hair has been brushed and her stage makeup has been applied. But it hasn't come together. It doesn't work. She turns to Frank.

RACHEL
Farmer... nothing that's happened between us matters. I'm coming around now. You're going to have to believe me, because I'm not going to beg.

Her voice cracks. She stops and tries to compose herself. Frank looks at her. Tears are destroying her elaborate stage makeup. She wipes them away with her hand, embarrassed.

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RACHEL
It wasn't just what he said. It was the way he said it. He sounded so sure, like it all made sense to him. I'm afraid... I need you.
(a beat)
... I'm afraid.

She stares at the yacht. She takes a deep breath and slowly exhales.

FRANK
I can't protect you like this. It's impossible. The odds are all on his side.

RACHEL
I'll do whatever you say.

This is the first time Frank has ever heard Rachel say that. He studies her, then looks out at the ocean.

FRANK
I talked to the boys from the bureau yesterday. The guy's tipped his hand, given them enough to get close to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
I'll believe that when it happens.

FRANK
Most of all though, I'd want to put you on ice for awhile. Somewhere people don't know about.

RACHEL
I have a place outside of Palm Springs.

FRANK
(testing the water)
I've got a place we can go.

Rachel nods, agreeing.

FRANK
Good. You'll have to cancel tonight.

Rachel nods again.

FRANK
Give Stein and Devaney a vacation. No more Guido.

Frank looks at her, reading her face for any hesitation. He shakes his head, smiles at himself, giving in.

FRANK
If you cross me this time, I'll kill you myself.

INT. GUNSHOP - DAY

A man waits at the counter, his BACK TO the CAMERA. The gunshop owner appears through a curtain into a backroom, holding a rifle with a scope. He hands it to the customer. The customer raises it to firing position.

POV - GUNSIGHT

We see a box of shells magnified through the cross-hairs. The gun swings and settles on another target -- through the gunshop window, the billboard of a woman touting soap. The man's finger squeezes off a shot.

MAN (O.S.)
Bang.

EXT. HERB FARMER'S HOUSE (BEND, OREGON) - FRONT/
LAKE SIDE - DAY

A large, old, two-story house sits at the top of a slight rise, surrounded on three sides by thick, rolling woods. Sloping gently down from the house to the lake fifty yards away is a broad expanse of lawn. At the edge of the lake, a dock and boat house. An entrance road cuts out of the trees. Two big hunting dogs lie in the sun, a little TERRIER skitters to the edge of the drive BARKING.

A van emerges from the trees, trailing a cloud of dust, TIRES RATTLING over the washboard dirt road.

Frank's father, HERBERT, steps onto the front porch. He's in his mid-60s, lean, tan and fit. He's wearing a plaid shirt, jeans and cowboy boots.

The van stops in front of the house. Frank steps out from the driver's seat and eyes his dad. Herbert steps down, waves off the dust.

FRANK
Lake's a little low.

HERB
Could use a little rain.

Father and son embrace. Arm in arm, Frank steers Herbert over to Rachel, who's climbed out of the passenger seat. Fletcher has his arm around her waist.

FRANK
Dad, I want you to meet Rachel Marron, and this is Fletcher.

Herbert reaches out a hand.

HERB
Pleased to meet you, Rachel.

They shake.

RACHEL
How are you, Mr. Farmer.

HERB
Herbert.

FRANK
We're all on a first name basis out here.

RACHEL
(grins, correct)
Herbert.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Herbert shakes Fletcher's hand -- there's an insant attraction.

Nicki and Henry emerge from the back sliding door. Herbert moves to greet them.

HERB
Welcome to Bend.

NICKI
Hi, I'm Nicki, Rachel's sister.

HENRY
I'm Henry, sir.

Nicki and Rachel head for the house. Henry follows with several bags he's taken from the back of the van. Frank and Herbert gather the remaining luggage under their arms. Herbert looks at Rachel, Nicki and Henry as they walk by.

HERB
Frank, they all in trouble?

FRANK
Just one.

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INT. FARMER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK

The kitchen has been neatly organized by the late Katherine Farmer. Herb stands beside a butcher block, cutting vegetables with a practiced hand. Rachel pokes a fork into a piece of frying chicken and looks out the kitchen window. She sees Fletcher and Frank sitting in the motor boat.

Fletcher tugs once, twice on the starter cord. At the third tug he tumbles backwards onto the seat.

RACHEL
Fletcher doesn't swim well.

HERB
I guess they'd better stay in the shallow water then.
(his smile puts her at ease)
Frank tells me you're a singer.

RACHEL
That's right.

HERB
I'm afraid we're a little out of touch here. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
(waves this off)
I'll send you some records.

HERB
Good. I'd like that. You must be very successful to need Frank.

Rachel has been easing the chicken out of the oil, but this stops her for a moment.

RACHEL
(laughing)
I never thought of it that way.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Frank, drink in hand, browses a row of family photographs. His concentration is on the ones featuring his mother. But as we LOOK OVER his shoulder, we can notice the history of the family in the surrounding shots: Frank as a ten-year-old baseball player with a younger Herb; Herb as Police Chief of Bend, Oregon, being given a civic award; Frank as a college football wide receiver; Herb and Katherine Farmer all dressed up and being introduced to Jimmy Carter by Frank; the picture-perfect family home in Oregon with Katherine tending flowers.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Herbert and Rachel have begun joint work on a salad. Rachel is listening closely.

HERB
... It was a real pain in the ass being the police chief's son. Pardon my French. But Frank handled it good. Ever been to Bend?

RACHEL
No, never. It's a pretty town.

HERB
Yes, it is. Bend's a great place. Good friends here. Frank came back and stayed six months after the Reagan thing.

Rachel's questioning look encourages Herb.

HERB
Frank wasn't there the day he was shot. He never got over that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
Why?

HERB
It was the day we buried Katherine... his momma.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank has slid open the door to his mother's closet and is now sitting on the bed a few feet away, looking at her clothes hanging there. He takes a sip of his orange juice.

INT. NICKI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Next door, Nicki finishes hanging the last of her clothes in a closet. There's a KNOCK at the door. The door opens and Fletcher peers around. He crosses over to Nicki, carrying a handful of wild meadow flowers. She accepts them and kisses him gently.

NICKI
They're beautiful.

FLETCHER
(proudly pointing them out)
That one is a smartweed, this is dragonhead and these are joe-pie.

He scampers out of the room. Nicki smiles sadly, picks up the phone and starts to dial a number.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

The meal has been enthusiastically consumed. Fletcher's manhandling a chicken leg, his face covered with crumbs and drippings. Rachel shakes her head, laughing.

HERB
... and I never hit him. Ever. To this day.
(to Frank)
That's true, isn't it?
(to Rachel)
That's very unusual for my people. So what happens? When he's ten years old, he complains about it? Can you believe that?

FRANK
Oh, for Chrissake! I'm going to tell her about the time you stripped in court.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frank gets up smiling and takes some dishes into the kitchen.

HERB
(to Frank)
I don't care. I'm proud of that.
(to Rachel)
Anyway, he's ten years old and he's just started playing tackle football. He comes to me and tells me he's afraid of getting hit, right? And he thinks it's because I never hit him. 'Why don't you ever hit me?' he says to me!

FRANK (O.S.)
If you're lucky, maybe he'll tell you about my first jockstrap.

Herb leans in toward Rachel.

HERB
He got over it. Turned into a helluva wide receiver. He couldn't stand being afraid. When he found something that scared him, he'd just do it 'til the fear went away.
(takes a drink of beer)
His mother was the same way.

Rachel smiles at him, thinking, then reaches out and puts her hand on his arm.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Through the door in the kitchen, we can see Frank and Fletcher grabbing bowls and drinks.

Herbert delicately lifts a chessboard from the top of a cabinet and walks it over to the table: A half-finished game. He leans over and blows on the pieces -- sending a small cloud of dust into the air.

HERB
Come on, son, you can run but you can't hide.

Herb pulls up a chair and smiles as Frank appears from the kitchen, a bowl of popcorn in his hand. Frank takes a place across from his dad.

HERB
Your move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frank studies the board. Rachel lowers her head into a cupped hand, fascinated.

RACHEL
How long has this game been going on?

Frank picks up a knight, thinks, sets it back down.

FRANK
Three years.

Fletcher peers intently at the board, he's holding a bowl of popcorn, chewing on a handful.

HERB
He had me on the run there that first year.

Frank picks up his rook, scratches his forehead with it. He turns to Fletcher.

FRANK
What do you think?

Fletcher finishes a mouthful of popcorn, wipes his mouth.

FLETCHER
Knight to king-four.

Frank, Herbert and Rachel turn in synch and stare at the boy.

FRANK
City kid.

Herb pats his leg, gesturing to Fletcher to take a place on his lap.

HERB
Come over here, Fletcher, sit by me.

RACHEL
Well, that's it for me, I'm going to bed.

She rises. Frank follows her up the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Frank stops at the end of the hallway, checking the lock on the window, the little terrier is at his heels. Rachel pauses outside her door. Frank gestures for the dog to stay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
(gesturing at the dog)
That's going to protect us?

FRANK
He's a trained noisemaker.

RACHEL
Terrific.

FRANK
I don't like big dogs. They don't know who they're eating.

Rachel smiles and disappears into her room. Frank takes a last once-over and retreats downstairs. The little dog remains at her door.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

At the lake's edge we hear SPLASHING. The sound of someone WALKING in the WATER.

CLOSE ON PAIR OF HIPBOOTS

moving, then stopping. We see a hand holding a fishing rod. Fog partially engulfs the figure.

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POV - FIGURE

taking in the house. He starts at the far left, scans across the home to the far side of the property. His gaze returns to the home. Kitchen lights are visible.

The hipboots resume walking, we LOSE them FROM FRAME. A thicker patch of fog creeps in over the lake's ink black surface.

INT. FRONT PORCH - CLOSE ON FRANK - DAWN

sleeping in a lawn chair, covered with a little blanket. First light washes over his face, revealing a peacefulness he hasn't had for a long time. A hand touches his shoulder. Frank wakes with a start.

RACHEL
(alarmed)
Frank. Where's Fletcher? He wasn't in his room. Frank!

Frank rubs his eyes. Tries to wake up.

RACHEL
Wake up, Frank. C'mon. Fletcher's gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frank yawns, he leads Rachel to a lawn chair on the other side of the porch. There, bundled up in jackets and blankets, Herbert is sleeping in his clothes. Fletcher's curled up against him, also asleep, clutching a little hand-carved toy boat.

EXT. LAKE - MORNING

Frank stalks the lake shoreline, stooping here and there to finger animal prints in the soft mud. A voice startles him.

HENRY (O.S.)
Frank. Hey, Frank.

Frank looks up to see Henry happily esconced in the fishing boat. He skewers a fat, wiggling crawler on a hook, rears back and casts his bait-fishing rod. The red and white bobber the size of a baseball smacks the water's surface twenty yards away. Henry reels in the slack line. He grins at Frank and gives him the thumbs up.

HENRY
Frank, I got the lake covered.

EXT. LAKE - MORNING

Rachel and Fletcher carry plates of breakfast scraps down to the lake. They laugh as a flock of hungry ducks paddle to the feast.

EXT. PORCH - MORNING

Frank heads up to the house. Nicki sits on the porch stoop watching Fletcher and Rachel play with the ducks. Frank comes to sit next to her.

NICKI
I like it here, it's nice.

FRANK
Yes, it is.

NICKI
Seems funny, under the circumstances...

Frank questions her with a look.

NICKI
It's just that, this is... the most like a family we've ever been.

Nicki reads him for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICKI
You think my life is pretty pathetic, don't you?

FRANK
No.

NICKI
You must, I do. When Fletcher's father O.D.'d, Rachel had to step in. I went to Betty Ford and Fletcher went to live with her.

Frank doesn't know what to say.

NICKI
Being here reminds me of what I lost.

FRANK
Why don't you change it?

NICKI
I'm trying to.

FRANK
With J.D.?

Nicki nods. Frank takes a beat.

FRANK
Does J.D. know you're here?

Nicki looks away, embarrassed.

NICKI
He loves me, Frank... he wants to marry me.

Their eyes meet, but Nicki looks away and sees Fletcher waving her to come down. She hurries away to join them at the lake side.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Frank's hanging up clean, wet laundry on lines strung between the house and trees. He's quick, efficient -- like he's done it before. Rachel watches, hands in pockets, willing to help, but knowing she'd only get in the way.

RACHEL
Frank, if you could cook, I'd marry you.

Frank works away, finally --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
I can.

RACHEL
I believe you.

A smile grows on Frank's face.

RACHEL'S POV - FLETCHER AND HERBERT

appear from the side of the house. Herbert's got a hand on Fletcher's shoulder. He's carrying a .22 rifle in the other. They're heading down the drive toward the woods.

BACK TO SCENE

RACHEL
Fletcher!

Fletcher turns to her.

FLETCHER
What?

RACHEL
What are you doing?

FLETCHER
I'm going with Herbert.

Fletcher wants to go on his way.

RACHEL
Frank.

FRANK
Umm?

RACHEL
He has a gun.

Frank looks up and sees Fletcher and his dad, he's unconcerned.

RACHEL
Jesus, Frank, c'mon! I don't want Fletcher being around guns.

FRANK
He's with my dad. He's okay.

Rachel's unconvinced, but holds her tongue.

EXT. WOODS - CLOSE ON QUAIL - LATER

pecking at the forest floor, looking up now and then, resuming lunch, its little headpiece bobbing with the movement. Fletcher and Herbert lie behind a log, twenty feet away, watching.

Fletcher's got the .22 cradled in his shoulder, propped on the log, as he draws a bead on the bird:

HERBERT
(whispers)
If you kill him... can you bring him back to life?

The boy thinks hard. Shakes his head.

HERBERT
Then maybe you shouldn't kill him?

Fletcher lowers the gun. Herbert smiles, he's made a man's decision.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The dinner dishes have been cleaned, allowing Frank and Herbert to resume their marathon chess match. The two men stare hard at the board; this is serious business.

Fletcher, sitting at the table next to Herbert, leans in to whisper some advice to the elder Farmer. Frank looks up, wags a warning finger at the boy.

RACHEL'S VOICE is heard from the porch. She's singing a GOSPEL TUNE. The notes are rich and haunting. Suddenly we hear HARMONY, acapella. NICKI'S joined her sister. The singing's beautiful.

Frank and Herbert lift their eyes from the board.

HERB
I never heard church singing in the middle of the week before.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Nicki and Rachel sit side by side on the porch stoop singing their hearts out, just as they did when they were kids.

EXT. HOUSE - POV - NIGHT

The home. The lake. Fog enshrouded. GOSPEL MUSIC filling the silence.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Fog has now enveloped the house and grounds.

INT. FLETCHER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel is reading Voyage of the Dawn Treader to Fletcher. Coming to the end of a passage she reads it twice, pauses, and reads it a third time. She smiles, knowing Fletcher is asleep.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Frank is on his bed, reading, with the door to his room open. At the sound of the LATCH he looks up.

Rachel steps from Fletcher's room. She looks down the hallway and sees him on his bed. The dog sits in the middle of the hallway looking from one to the other. For a few seconds neither speaks.

Frank smiles.

FRANK
Good night, Rachel.

Rachel accepts this. She smiles a return.

RACHEL
Good night, Frank.

Rachel turns, goes to her room and closes the door.

INT. HOUSE - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

A) The house is silent and empty. In the fireplace the glowing remnants of a log make a slight pop.

B) The dog sleeps in the middle of the upstairs hallway.

C) Rachel is in her pajamas, ready for bed. She walks to the window and looks out into the silence of fog.

D) The lawns and gardens are steeped in heavy mist. Then quietly, like an apparition, a man steps from a copse of oak trees and gazes up at the house.

E) Rachel is momentarily struck dumb. She can't believe her eyes.

F) The man walks casually ahead and disappears into some bushes near the house.

G) Rachel panics. She turns and races for the door to the room. Her foot catches on her robe and she falls heavily.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

At the sound, the DOG erupts from sleep, BARKING its head off.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Frank is out of bed in his pajama pants. His hand sweeps a gun from the bedside table and he races down the hall.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank races to Rachel's room where she has gotten to her feet. She speaks in a choked whisper.

RACHEL
I saw a man... in the garden.

Frank pushes her back into the bedroom.

FRANK
Lock this door.

He closes her door and she deadbolts it. He orders the dog to stay at the door.

FRANK
Stay.

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INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Frank hurries down the hall. Behind him, Herb steps out of his room, half in his bathrobe. He's carrying a police-issue pistol. Frank whirls and drops to a knee -- trains his weapon on him.

HERB
It's me.

Frank takes a deep breath, stands.

FRANK
Stay with Rachel.

Frank is down the stairs fast. Not a sound.

INT. FIRST FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

Frank travels close to the wall, very quickly. He stops, listens. He moves toward the bend in the hall that leads to the kitchen. Just before he rounds the bend, he looks back at the foot of the stairs. He doesn't like letting that out of his sight.

He rounds the bend in the hall. He is facing the sliding wooden kitchen door which is standing open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silence. Frank doesn't breath.

Suddenly, the silence is pierced by the HIGH BARKING sound of the TERRIER watchdog upstairs. Frank snaps his head back in that direction, knows he must go there.

Then very quickly we see:

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL - MOVING SHOT - NIGHT

We're in someone's POV moving from one end of the hall toward the BARKING TERRIER.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

Frank hits the floor at the top of the stairs, gun up. The sound of GLASS BREAKING from where the hall cuts off to the left of Rachel's door. A WINDOW BANGS. The TERRIER skids out of the hall to the left, BARKING, then disappears.

FRANK'S POV

A double window at the end of the cut-off is still flopping. The DOG is BARKING at it. Fog is already coming it. RUNNING FOOTSTEPS are heard.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank goes to the flopping window and climbs out.

EXT. HIDEAWAY - NIGHT

The fog is impenetrable. Frank drops down from the second floor. He crouches on the ground, listens. For a moment there is only the RUSTLING of TREES. Then, RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, a body breaking through the bushes. Frank heads off toward the sound at a run.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

INTERCUT Frank and the Figure.

They move fitfully through the eerie, beautiful scene. In and out of the fog. Stop, listen, wait, go. Two wary, interchangeable animals. Frank disappears into the fog. When the figure reappears, Frank is moving faster, closing the gap.

The Figure, seen in CLOSEUP for the first time, is wearing a dark-colored ski mask, eyes and mouth highlighted by red stitched circles. His breath billows out of the mouth hole, whitening in the cool March air. He hears Frank approaching and points his gun in the direction of the FOOTSTEPS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Franks stops and rests on his haunches, barefoot and shirtless. He looks like an Indian. Listening, he hears the intruder move. The sounds have stopped up ahead. Close.

The Figure peers into the fog, gun up. He's ready, confident. He waits. Nothing.

Frank, from his crouch, does something brand-new. He raises his gun into the fog in a two-handed grip, ready to fire. He holds it easily. And then he does something really strange: Frank closes his eyes. After a beat, we hear MOVEMENT. Frank, eyes still closed, swings his gun 15 degrees and FIRES TWO BLASTS.

The man jumps away from a small tree that has splintered six inches from his shoulder. His eyes are wild behind his ski mask. Frightened, he suddenly crashes away in the opposite direction. We FOLLOW. There is ANOTHER SHOT from Frank very close to the man as he breaks through some bushes and sees what Frank cannot see - a car parked on a road.

Frank moves quickly through the woods, passes the splintered tree. We STAY WITH him and hear the ENGINE of the CAR ROAR to life and TIRES PEEL OUT of the dirt. Frank breaks out of the woods in time to see the red lights at the back of the car as it fishtails around a bend. He EMPTIES his GUN at it. We hear GLASS SHATTERING, but the car keeps going.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Still in a crouch, Frank slowly lowers his gun. He sense something to one side. He turns. It's Herbert, poised in the same crouch. Father and son exchange looks.

FRANK
I told you to stay with Rachel.

HERB
I only got one son.

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY NEXT MORNING

Frank is on the phone with Court and Minella.

MINELLA (V.O.)
... so everybody's all right?

FRANK
Yeah, we're okay.

COURT (V.O.)
Hi, Frank. It's Court. I've got some good news for you, old buddy. We've got him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
Where?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS (LOS ANGELES) - EARLY MORNING

Court is talking with Frank on the speaker phone.

COURT
Here, this morning. You should see his car, Frank, it's a shrine to Rachel Marron.

FRANK (V.O.)
You're sure it's him?

COURT
Positive. Knauer's with him now.

COURT'S POV

He's looking into the observation room through a one-way window. Sitting at a table talking to Knauer is Dan.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

MINELLA (V.O.)
We're checking with the airlines now to see if our boy was in your neighborhood.

FRANK
Can you connect him to Miami?

COURT (V.O.)
We need a weapon.

FRANK
Well, whoever you got down there wasn't here last night.
(beat)
How long can you keep him?

COURT (V.O.)
We can't hold him, Frank. He'll be released shortly.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS

FRANK (V.O.)
I need a favor. I don't want her people to know about this just yet.

Court and Minella exchange looks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MINELLA
Sorry, Frank, when we couldn't reach you, we contacted her managers.

EXT. FRONT OF HIDEAWAY - LATER THAT DAY

Stein and Devaney are talking on the porch. Henry is loading the rental car with bags.

EXT. REAR GROUNDS - HIDEAWAY - DAY

Frank walks along the fence at the bottom on the hill. He comes over a knoll and finds Rachel sitting on the grass waiting for him. He sits down beside her. Down at the lake, Herbert and Fletcher launch the carved wooden boat, Fletcher shepherds it through the water with a stick.

After a beat.

FRANK
I'm not convinced they have the right man, Rachel.

Rachel tugs at the grass, thinking.

RACHEL
When I was a sophomore at Taylor-Alderice, back in Squirrel Hill, I started betting friends fifty bucks each that some day I'd win an Oscar. You can understand how important it is that they see me up there if I win.

She looks at him and smiles.

RACHEL
If every one of those pikers comes through, it could add up to a lot of money.

FRANK
I still think it's very dangerous.

They are silent for a while. Rachel lies back on the grass, stares at the sky.

RACHEL
I didn't get to this place in my life by doing the smart thing every time.

Frank nods.

RACHEL
How 'bout you, Frank Farmer? You ever do something that's not smart.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL (CONT'D)
... something that doesn't make too much sense, except maybe in your stomach somewhere?
(looks at him)
I'l bet you have plenty.

She sits up beside him.

RACHEL
Frank, I'm going to go and see if I win an Oscar. And I'm not gonna worry about it at all. Because I've got you to protect me. Right?

Frnak almost smiles.

FRANK
That's right.

He looks at her a long time, then takes her in his arms. He kisses her.

EXT. DOROTHY CHANDLER PAVILION - DAY

Frank moves through the wings, eyes darting, casing the place. Stagehands hustle about; orders are shouted. Frank pauses behind a huge plaster replica of Oscar.

ONSTAGE

Frank looks out over the huge, empty auditorium. He turns and looks at the enormous, tiered set. The SECURITY CHIEF, a cheerful, white-haired man in an uniform, approaches Frank.

SECURITY CHIEF
Well, Mr. Farmer, what do you think?

FRANK
It's not my kind of place.

They both look out over the auditorium. The Security Chief is beaming.

SECURITY CHIEF
Well, I wouldn't worry too much. We seal this place up tight as a drum.

FRANK
Yeah, I guess that streaker a few years ago was just lucky.

The Security Chief blushes deeply, the worst moment in his life revived.

INT. RACHEL'S LIMO - FRONT OF MUSIC CENTER - NIGHT

The limo is waiting in a line of limos to reach the red-carpeted entrance to the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion.

Frank and Guido sit in front with Henry. In the back a spectacularly-gowned Rachel sits flanked by Devaney and Stein, both of whom, like Frank, are wearing tuxedos. Up ahead, they can all see the hubbub at the entrance: TV cameras, lights, photographers, arriving guests, two bleachers full of fans.

DEVANEY
We'll go straight back to the Green Room. Right, Frank?

Frank nods.

DEVANEY
Got that, Guido?

FRANK
Guido knows what he's doing.

Guido looks at Frank, surprised and not a little pleased with the unexpected support.

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RACHEL
I wish you boys would relax a little. Nothing bad's gonna happen out there, alright?
(the old Rachel)
Unless I lose the goddamn award.

She looks around at the men, all are tense.

RACHEL
Jesus, what a crew.

Rachel leans forward and flips down a mirror on the panel in front of her and checks her appearance. The limo moves up.

RACHEL
Screw it. I'm through worrying. When your number's up, it's up. Right, Farmer?

The limo is almost at the red carpet. Frank slips out the front door of the moving limo.

EXT. LIMO - NIGHT

The TV cameras all focus on the door of the limo as Frank steps out of the way.

FRANK'S POV

as he surveys the busy scene. A microphoned M.C. peers into Rachel's limo and walks toward it.

M.C.
(into mike)
Here's another nominee... the superstar of Dream Time...

The fans begin to react. Devaney helps Rachel out. The crowd applauds.

M.C.
Everyone wishes you the best tonight, Rachel.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank leads the small procession down the red carpet. Fans reach out asking for his autograph.

FRANK'S POV

as his glance darts around: high into the bleachers, ahead in the distance, to the door, to the side at photographers flashing at Rachel.

Rachel's smile is convincing, lovely, professional. Devaney and Guido look strained.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The usual Oscar-opening number comes to a rousing conclusion. In the audience, Nicki -- decked out as we've never seen her -- claps half-heartedly. Something troubles her. She looks at the empty seat beside her. Suddenly, she springs up and makes her way toward the aisle.

NICKI
Excuse me. Sorry. Excuse me. Pardon me.

She hurries toward a set of steps that lead backstage.

INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

It is large and has been fitted with a bar and buffet. Formally dressed Presenters and Hosts mill about, laughing and talking.

A TV monitor hangs from the ceiling in one corner. Academy Awards continues.

A harried Associate Producer SKIP THOMAS, comes up to Rachel, settled in an armchair. Guido stands nearby, Frank leans against a far wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKIP
Hello, Rachel. I need to get you straight on your responsibilities.

RACHEL
Sure, Skip.

SKIP
Now, it's Best Sound, then another song, then you. You'll be presenting with Clive Healy. Those are your lines. The prompter's straight ahead and -- we pray -- working perfectly.

Rachel nods.

RACHEL
Fine. You'll be a big shot someday, Skip.

Skip smiles at her and hurries off across the room. CLIVE HEALY, a slim British actor appears, bows and kisses Rachel's hand.

CLIVE
I understand it's my great honor to escort you onstage.

RACHEL
That's right, Clive. And I don't like it one bit that you look skinnier than me.

Frank steps through the door to check the hall.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Frank steps out of the Green Room, looks up and down the halls. Nicki spots him and rushes up to him.

NICKI
Frank.

FRANK
What is it?

NICKI
I don't know, but J.D., he was supposed to be here with me and... I don't know if this is anything, or anything, but J.D... something's going on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
Slow down, Nicki. What is it about J.D.?

INT. GREEN ROOM - RACHEL'S POV - NIGHT

She sees Frank and Nicki through the door. Nicki's clearly agitated. Frank puts his hands on her shoulder trying to calm her.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Nicki looks into the room. Rachel locks eyes with her sister. Frank gently guides Nicki out of Rachel's sight.

INT. GREEN ROOM - RACHEL'S POV - NIGHT

The doorway is now empty. Rachel is troubled.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Onstage, SANDRA CASTLE sings "Dream Time" with great feeling.

INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel's face as she watches Sandra Castle on the monitor. Music is loud.

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The celebrities in the Green Room are impressed with Sandra's performance. There is spontaneous applause. Rachel turns to the room.

RACHEL
I want that broad run out of town.

The people in the room laugh with Rachel.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Off to one side, Frank huddles with Guido.

FRANK
Guido, I want you to know this. The F.B.I. doesn't have our man. Stein wants everybody to think everything's okay, but it's not.

In the background, Rachel looks away from the monitor and sees them talking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
I think he's gonna go for her tonight. I need you.

GUIDO
I'm there, Frank.

Frank clasps Guido on the shoulder. There's no more competition between them.

INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Frank and Guido walk in together. Frank walks over to Rachel, he seems tense and she senses it. And like a tangible thing, his anxiety is passed over to her. She is frightened.

RACHEL
What's wrong?

FRANK
Nothing.

Rachel stares into his face. She is spooked. Skip Thomas appears at her side.

SKIP
Rachel... Clive. Let's go, okay?

Clive Healy comes over. Rachel must tear her eyes away from Frank. Guido floats up behind them. Skip regards him with irritation and turns to Frank.

SKIP
(indicating Guido)
Really. Must we have everyone? We have our own men at the door.

FRANK
Guido stays.

Skip looks at Rachel for a response.

RACHEL
Yes! I want him.

Skip shrugs. Clive takes Rachel's arm.

CLIVE
Come, Rachel, let us brighten the firmament.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rachel forces a smile, but her eyes follow Frank as he leads the way out of the Green Room. Guido follows.

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - ON TV MONITOR - NIGHT

we see a distinguished man REARDON acting as Master of Ceremonies, doing the introductions.

REARDON (V.O.)
(on screen)
And to present the Best Song award we have our debonair friend from England and the lady of my dreams -- Clive Healy and Rachel Marron!

MUSIC UP, APPLAUSE, as we see Clive and Rachel make their entrances on the TV monitor.

STAGE LEFT

Frank walks along the scaffolding that supports the set, peering underneath, then around. At one point he can see at an angle onto the stage.

ONSTAGE

Rachel and Clive reach the podium. Clive is all smiles. Rachel is trying but is obviously distracted.

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FROM BEHIND THEM

As the applause dies away, we see what they see: TV cameras, an orchestra in the pit, the huge audience and the bright glare of the lights. At the front of the podium is the transparent plastic of the teleprompter; their lines can be clearly seen, printed out and moving vertically.

CLIVE
(reading from the prompter)
Well, Rachel, I know that you only came tonight to present this award and you'll want to leave as soon as we're done.

Rachel's lines appear on the prompter, but she does not start reading them immediately. They stop moving on the screen. Rachel's face, her eyes darting about. There is an awful silence. She focuses on the prompter, forces a smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
(reading)
No, Clive, I'm very interested in one of the awards that's coming up later... best actor.

This brings an appreciative laugh. Rachel's face. It is all coming down on her, all the pressure, all the months of being a target.

RACHEL'S POV - BRIGHT RED LIGHT

on the nearest TV camera, the teleprompter, now showing Clive's lines, the lights, a man in the first row of the audience.

BACK TO SCENE

CLIVE
Over the course of the evening we've heard five smashing songs and the names of the artists who created them.

Rachel tries to get control of herself. She puts one hand on the podium to steady herself; the hand is shaking badly. She sways. Clive suports her as discreetly as he can, smiling out at the audience.

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OFFSTAGE LEFT

Frank watches Rachel, concerned.

ONSTAGE - FROM BEHIND CLIVE AND RACHEL

we watch as Clive picks up Rachel's lines from the prompter, AD LIBBING to make them fit.

CLIVE
And I know that no matter what anyone thinks, you have no personal favorites.

Thin laughter. The audience is starting to sense that something is wrong with Rachel.

QUICK CUT TO:

RACHEL'S POV

An usher near the wall shifts his weight, the orchestra conductor turns to look at her, a musician turns his sheet music, the dark at the back of the balcony, the teleprompter.

BACK TO SCENE

RACHEL
(blurting her prompter lines)
All right, Clive, let's find out --

The teleprompter operator has been thrown off and now takes a moment to get it moving again.

RACHEL
(reading)
-- let's find out who the winner is.

CLIVE
The envelope. Rachel, shall I do the honors?

RACHEL'S POV - CLIVE'S HANDS

work at the envelope, tearing, freeing the flap. His fingers work to pull out the card. Rachel's face watching.

CLOSE

as Clive pulls the card out of the envelope. It reads: DREAM TIME Music by --

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INSERT - HANDS

bring out one of the pasted death threats with the familiar opening lines: MY DEAREST LOVE, THE OSCAR IS YOURS AND YOU ARE MINE. I WILL BE WAITING. LOVE DAN.

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel gasps and stifles a scream.

CLIVE
The winner is 'Dream Time.'

Rachel loses control, backs away from the podium and runs off stage right. The audience applauds the winner.

OFFSTAGE - LEFT

Frank sees Rachel run off the opposite side of the stage and heads over there, around the back of the scenery.

ONSTAGE - CLIVE

the professional, stands holding Oscars for the winners. He glances off after Rachel, mystified.

STAGE RIGHT WINGS

A cluster of people surround Rachel, comforting her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frank comes up but doesn't try to force his way through. People begin to move away. The cluster thins. Two STARS move off toward the back of the stage.

STAR #1
I always said she was nuts. I've always said that.

INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel sits on a couch, head in her hand. Off to one side Clive confers with Devaney.

CLIVE
Is she alright?

Devaney assures him that she is, then joins Rachel. Makeup is scattered on the table before her. She dabs at her tear-stained face with a handkerchief. She is recovering fast. Past her fear, she is now very embarrassed. Her voice is strong.

DEVANEY
Are you okay, honey?

RACHEL
Christ, what an idiot I am. Jesus, what the hell's the matter with me?

Skip Thomas approaches, clipboard in hand.

SKIP
Rachel, I'm sorry, but if you're going to be in your seat for the Best Actress award, you've got to do it now.

RACHEL
Skip, I'm moving as fast as I can. For chrissake, go twitch somewhere else.

Skip backs off. Stein and Frank join the group.

STEIN
Honey, you were great out there.

RACHEL
Bullshit, you saw me. Farmer, you've made me a raving lunatic.

FRANK
Something's going on --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEIN
You're making her crazy. You're making all of us crazy.

FRANK
Rachel, I think he's...

RACHEL
Shut up...

This is the last straw. She throws down the powder and stands up fast, makeup and purse flying. Everyone in the Green Room looks at her.

RACHEL
(yelling)
Shut up, you maniac! You never stop. Now you've made an ass of me in front of two hundred million people. And you won't quit.

They stare at each other and everyone else stares at them. Rachel walks swiftly out the door of the Green Room. Frank sits for a moment, then stands up. The Bodyguard follows his charge out of the room. The people in the room all start to talk at once. As Guido heads for the door, Stein pulls him aside.

STEIN
After tonight, you're back in charge.

GUIDO
What?

STEIN
He knows nothing about show business.

Guido squares off with Stein.

GUIDO
You are an asshole.

INT. ONSTAGE - NIGHT

Reardon has just introduced TOM WINSTON, the actor who will announce the Best Actress award.

WINSTON
It is a great privilege for me to present this award --

MAIN FLOOR AISLE

Frank watches, his eyes scanning, searching the vast theatre.

WINSTON

on stage, speaking and then listing the nominees.

FRANK'S POV - RHYTHMICALLY CUT - RACHEL AND DEVANEY

in their seats, up the aisle toward the back of the theatre, high into the gloom of the balcony.

BACK TO SCENE

WINSTON
Tonight we give this award not to the best actress, but to the best performance by one of five exquisitely talented artists...

Frank's face, searching. A TV camera focused on the audience. Rachel's face, expectant, nervous.

FRANK'S POV - PATH

Rachel would have to take to the stage, the steps to the stage, the faces of the ushers near the stage, the conductor, ready to play theme music.

WINSTON
... And the nominees are -- Constance Simpson for Hot and Cold...

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BACK TO SCENE

Applause, Frank watches.

WINSTON
... Ellen Pearson for Maybe Soon...

A TV camera, pointed toward the audience, its red light goes on. Applause.

WINSTON
... Rachel Marron for Dream Time...

Rachel's face, trying to appear calm. Applause.

WINSTON
... Evelyn Gardner for The Harper Plan...

Frank slips through the curtained doorway that leads to the backstage.

WINSTON
... And Catherine Hall for Toll Booth...

INT. BACKSTAGE - STAGE RIGHT WINGS

Frank comes up swiftly. He stops behind a curtain, six feet from the path the winner will take. Guido is there. Frank speaks to him and, as he does, he puts a hand on Guido's arm. Guido listens, nods and moves away. Frank looks around.

FRANK'S POV - SCAFFOLDING OF SCENERY

ONSTAGE - WINSTON

with envelope.

WINSTON
And the winner is... Rachel Marron for Dream Time.

FLASH CUT TO:

FRANK'S FACE

grim. This is bad news to him.

EXT. MUSIC CENTER - NIGHT

Henry watches a portable TV propped on the dashboard of the limo. He jumps up.

HENRY
She won!!

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CLOSE ON TV

DEAFENING APPLAUSE in the main auditorium. A stunned Rachel stands. Devaney kisses her. People nearby reach out to touch her. Rachel walks along her row. The orchestra plays "DREAM TIME."

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Frank gets the best angle to watch her progress on stage. Frank turns quickly to look behind him. Nothing. He looks back.

STAGE LEFT

Guido arrives in the wings over there. He peers out at Rachel.

EXT. MUSIC CENTER - NIGHT

The CAMERA COMES OFF the screen of a tiny Sony TV in Henry's hand. The image is Rachel moving toward the stage. Henry beams, almost leaping with excitement where he stands beside the limo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY
She did it... she won...

He turns at the approach of someone we don't see. There is an odd beat of recognition in Henry's expression as he turns.

HENRY
(surprised)
Hey, man.
(recovering)
Rachel won!

The sound of TWO SILENCED SHOTS are heard as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. CHANDLER - NIGHT

People swarm near the exit, heading for the limos.

Frank and Guido lead the way as Rachel is besieged by well-wishers. Stein and Devaney escort her on each arm.

Frank suddenly sees a grinning face approaching her, Dan.

IN SLOW-MOTION: Dan reaches inside his coat. We catch a glimpse of something black, as Frank propels himself up and over a couple and crashes into Dan.

The two men tumble to the ground, the impact of the fall sending Dan's black object flying. It's an instamatic camera.

Dan shakes his head like a fish trying to throw a hook.

DAN
(echoes)
No... it's only a camera.

The crowd's screams reverberates. Guido hurls his massive body onto Dan. His body crushes Dan into the pavement.

REAL TIME: Stein steers Rachel off to the side.

STEIN
Farmer, you're fucking nuts.

DAN
(to Frank)
It was only a picture.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dan is scratching and screaming, flopping madly about. Guido pins his shoulders to the ground. Frank struggles to control his flying feet.

Rachel stares in disbelief.

STEIN
We can't do this any more, Rachel. These are your fans.

It all wells up in Rachel; Stein takes her by the elbow and hurries her to the limo.

Poor Devaney's caught in the middle. He looks after Rachel, then back at Frank.

DEVANEY
Jesus, Frank.

Devaney shakes his head sadly and walks off. Dan continues to struggle, his face now red with the exertion.

DAN
You don't keep love apart. I love her...

Frank fumbles in Dan's pockets and pulls a knife from his back pocket. The blade Dan slashed the Lifeguard with. Frank and Guido exchange a look.

FRANK
Get Devaney. Tell him.

Guido bounds off as a SECURITY GUARD joins Frank.

SECURITY GUARD
What a night. First they shoot a chauffeur, now this.

EXT. LINE OF LIMOS - NIGHT

Stein and Rachel are already in the car. Devaney is about to get in when he hears Guido call.

GUIDO (O.S.)
Devaney!

STEIN
Godamn it, Devaney, come on.

Devaney takes several steps in Guido's direction.

STEIN
Fuck it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He waves a hand impatiently and climbs into the limo, slamming the door. The limo pulls away.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

STEIN
Spago's, Henry. Call ahead and see if we have a table reserved.

The window comes down.

J.D. grips the steering wheel; he's wearing plastic surgical gloves. Riley rises from the seat beside him.

RILEY
Yes, sir, how many should I say are in the party?

STEIN
Who the fuck are --

He rests a silencer on the partition, a gloved finger squeezes off ONE SHOT. Rachels screams as the bullet strikes Stein in the middle of the forehead, slamming him against the back seat. His arms drop and he is dead on the seat beside her.

RILEY
Three.

EXT. PAVILION - NIGHT

Frank is kneeling over Henry. An ambulance light flashes in the background. Two paramedics lift a stretcher from the back of the ambulance.

HENRY
(struggling to speak)
Two guys, Frank.

Frank leans closer to hear.

HENRY
Two guys.

FRANK
Who?

HENRY
J.D. -- one was J.D.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The paramedics push through the crowd. Frank pats Henry on the shoulder.

FRANK
You're gonna be okay.

HENRY
Frank. You were right about the chauffeur thing.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

The car speeds down a hill toward the huge parking garage areas of the business district.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Rachel cradles Stein in her lap, she touches his throat, searching for a pulse. There is blood on her hands and dress. She rocks Stein's body gently.

RACHEL
(to J.D.)
You fucking son of a bitch.

J.D.
Don't flirt. I'll tell Nicki.

EXT./INT. DESERTED DOWNTOWN PARKING AREA - NIGHT

The limo slides to a stop in a commercial parking area and parks next to a sedan. Riley gets out and goes around to the back. J.D. opens the door of the limo.

Rachel sees her purse on the floor, its contents scattered. The little enamel cross sticking halfway out catches Rachel's eye.

As Rachel reaches for it, the door opens. It's too late.

RILEY
Come on, Rachel, out.

J.D. reaches in and grabs her. Clinging to her Oscar she's pulled from the limo. Riley snatches the Oscar out of her hand. He glances at it and beams.

RILEY
(spoken to the night)
Made it, Ma.

While Riley rages, Rachel looks back and again, sees the cross.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She spins out of his grasp and scrambles for the purse, reaching over Stein's body. J.D. yanks her back out of the car.

J.D.
What do you think you're doing?

Rachel holds out the purse to him.

RILEY
It's just her purse. C'mon.

Riley snatches the purse from her. Laughing, he pushes Rachel toward the car, a nondescript sedan.

EXT. CHANDLER - LIMO PARKNG LOT - NIGHT

Frank is watching as Henry is loaded into the back of a paramedic van. Suddenly, there is a strange audible CLICK. He removes a receiver from his belt and extends an antenna. The CLICK comes again, louder now.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

The little enamel cross dangles over the rearview mirror.

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RILEY
(grinning)
How you like it, J.D. We got a beechin' car now, man.

He continues rifling through the bag.

RILEY
Who wants gum?

J.D.
(indicating the cross)
Get that shit offa there.

J.D. snatches the cross, snapping the clasp. He is about to throw it out the window, when he feels the muzzle of a gun on his temple.

RILEY
Who do you think you're talking to, fuckwad?
(cocks the gun)
You wanna make it dinner for two?

Rachel cuts in, breaking the tension.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
Please, let me wear it. I believe in God.

Riley grabs the cross.

RILEY
I understand, Rachel. I'm Irish Catholic. C'mere.

Riley lifts the cross to her neck, gently puts it on her and snaps the clasp.

RACHEL
I remember you. You were in Miami, on the balcony.

RILEY
Out of all those people you remember me? Hey, I'm flattered, Rachel.

Riley grabs the chain and tightens it around her neck. He pulls her face close to his as he speaks. Now, he is the stone killer.

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RILEY
Now, the social part of our evening is over. So, just shut the fuck up.

Riley shoves her back against the seat hard. Rachel's last remaining bravado now drains as she stares dumbly ahead.

Suddenly there is a SLAM against the driver's side of Riley's CAR.

J.D.'s WINDOW SHATTERS and he scrambles to recover the wheel, Frank can be seen through the shattered window pursuing in the Mercedes he's commandeered from the line of limos.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Frank again drives into the side of J.D.'s sedan. The sedan accelerates around a bend -- A tractor-trailer looms INTO VIEW.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

The driver leans on his HORN, but the approaching car won't back off.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

The truck rushes closer and closer. Frank holds his ground.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

At the last moment, the truck swerves onto the shoulder, HORN BLARING. It starts to jack-knife, finally straightens out and pulls back into the lane.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

The two cars race on side by side. Ahead, the flames from barrel fires flicker in the night. Bums litter the sidewalks on either side of the road, some sleeping on cardboard cartons, others huddled around the fires.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

The flames draw nearer, blacklighting the silhouette of a dancing figure. Frank jams on his brakes, ducking behind J.D. to avoid hitting the man.

INT. SEDAN

Through his mirror J.D. sees Frank right on his tail.

J.D.

Hold on.

CLOSE ON J.D.'S FOOT

smashing down on the brake pedal.

EXT. ROAD

Frank's car crashes into the tail of the sedan.

INT. SEDAN

The impact sends Rachel's body flying into the front seat divider.

INT. FRANK'S CAR

Frank wrestles with the steering wheel.

INT. SEDAN

J.D.'s foot hits the accelerator pedal.

EXT. ROAD

Frank's bumper hooks onto the rear of the sedan -- finally tearing free -- sending Frank's car careening off the road into an abandoned lot -- heading for a cluster of homeless hovels.

INT. FRANK'S CAR

Frank slaloms through cardboard homes, scattering several indigents -- knocking over a couple barrels holding fires.

EXT. ROAD

The sedan SPEEDS OFF, unfollowed.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Riley looks out the back window -- J.D. checks the mirror. No Frank. They smile at each other.

RILEY
Lost the son-of-a-bitch.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Frank's car bursts through a wooden fence and plows into the sedan -- this time on Riley's side.

INT. FRANK'S CAR

Keeping the wheel cranked and his foot on the gas pedal, Frank starts to force the sedan off the road.

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EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Riley recovers, fumbles on the floor for his dropped pistol. Frank ducks below the door as Riley's SHOT SHATTERS his WINDSHIELD.

Frank hits the brake, his car falls back out of range. Frank shakes the glass shards off him and picks up his own gun laying on the passenger seat. His hands are bleeding.

He tries to overtake J.D. on the left, but J.D. swerves the sedan to cut him off. He slaloms to the right but J.D. cuts him off again.

INT. J.D.'S CAR - NIGHT

Riley's staring out the back window.

RILEY
Right... left... right...

As J.D. takes his cues to keep Frank from overtaking.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

Frank props his arm on the dashboard, aims his gun over the hood of the Mercedes and takes aim at a rear tire.

BLAM... BLAM... the BULLETS just miss their target as J.D. keeps the sedan careening back and forth.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Riley leans out the passenger-side window and FIRES at Frank. Frank ducks down as the BULLETS SPLAT into the soft leather backs of the passenger seat.

Frank accelerates, catches the sedan and pumps FOUR SHOTS into the passenger side window, SHATTERING GLASS. Riley and J.D. duck. One shot catches J.D. in the arm.

Riley levels his gun, Frank falls back, cutting off Riley's shooting angle.

AHEAD ROAD FORKS

When J.D. commits to the left fork, Frank swings his car to the right and accelerates, hoping to cut off the sedan.

The road starts to rise steeply.

CLOSE ON FRANK

suddenly concerned.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Frank is climbing the unfinished upper level of a double deck highway -- heading below J.D.'s car speeds along.

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ANGLE - SEDAN

Riley looks out the passenger window. No Frank. He looks overhead, wonders.

In the back seat, Rachel peers out the rear window. No Frank. She turns and catches Riley's eye. Rachel's afraid. Riley's grinning.

ANGLE - FRANK OVERHEAD

White as a sheet.

FRANK

Aw, fuck.

FRANK'S POV

A wooden barrier at the end of the upper deck rushes toward him.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank braces himself in the seat, locks his arm, steels himself. This is it.

WIDE

Frank's car smashes through the barrier and sails through the L.A. night.

J.D.'S POV

Frank's car crash lands in front of him like a jet fighter on an aircraft deck. The Mercedes sends the rear bumper and several hubcaps flying. Frank's forehead slams into the steering wheel, drawing blood.

BACK TO SCENE

J.D. brakes hard but his momentum carries him into Frank, smashing a fender into a front wheel. Sparks fly, smoke billows from the burning rubber. J.D. struggles with the wheel, but he's lost control. His car starts drifting for an exit ramp. Frank sees this over a shoulder and falls back to bird dog the sedan off the highway. Sparks leap off the tires. Frank's car looks worse -- like it's been to the chop shop and back, but he's relentless.

The two cars hurtle down the exit ramp and empty out onto a deserted road that winds between warehouses and empty lots.

Frank waits until they're opposite a lot, then slams into the sedan and guides it off the road.

As it goes onto the rough, the outside front wheel of Frank's car buckles and the car flips and rolls over several times.

J.D. fights the wheel to keep the sedan from turning over as it leaps ditches. His door flies open and he is thrown out. The car lunges ahead and finally buries its front end in a pile of sulfurous debris.

Frank's car, upside down, is silent except for the crackling of shorting wires and the DRIPPING sounds of OIL and GASOLINE.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Riley looks toward the wreckage of Frank's car. Encouraged by the silence, he grabs Rachel and pulls her out. She tries to break away and he smacks her in the side of the face with the gun. Her hand goes up to a cut cheek as Riley looks toward Frank's car. J.D. lying a few feet away whimpers and speaks.

J.D.
Help me. I can't move my legs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Riley totally ignores him, his attention locked on Frank's car. Frank pulls himself from the wreck on the side opposite Riley. He feels for his gun but his holster is empty. He looks inside the car and sees: the gun is lying on the ceiling. Gas from the ruptured tank is running down making a pool around it. He sees Riley closing on Rachel -- it's one or the other.

Frank starts forward to Rachel as flames suddenly spread, the car ignites before his eyes.

Riley stands holding Rachel. He backs up slightly as the car goes up in flames. Watching it for a beat, he smiles. Then he faces her.

RILEY
Okay, baby, fun's over.

Riley shoves her away, hard. Rachel stumbles and falls to the ground. Riley raises his gun.

As he is about to fire, Frank emerges from the dark between them, shielding Rachel with his body. Riley FIRES and the slug catches Frank in the back. Rachel screams as a SECOND SHOT hits him mid-back. Frank looks into Rachel's face, his strength drains, his eyes glaze over. His promise made good, he sinks to the ground.

Riley snatches Rachel away and shoves her back. He now faces Rachel. She backs slowly away as he stalks her. Her eyes go to Frank's body; motionless in the dirt, blood trickles from his mouth.

CLOSE ON FRANK'S HAND

A finger moves. Then another.

J.D.'S POV

Frank's come back from the dead. His hand creeps forward toward a shard of metal perhaps a foot long.

J.D.
Riley...

Riley ignores him.

Frank raises the shard of metal as he once raised the throwing knives.

Riley is now poised to kill Rachel who seems no longer to care. He takes final aim and suddenly the sharp end of the metal appears through his throat under his chin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The gun drops and his hands clutch at the sharp bloody metal as he drops to his knees. For a few seconds he struggles, choking on his own blood. Then he pitches forward, dead.

Rachel now sees Frank, on his feet, staggering towards her. Blood is soaking his chest. In the b.g. a truck has stopped at the burning wreckage of Frank's car. Two men get out. As Rachel approaches Frank, he drops to his knees. She kneels beside him, supporting him and screams for help. One of the truck drivers rushes towards him.

EXT. AIRPLANE TARMAC - DAY

A buffed-out charter Convair stands on the Tarmac as the last pieces of equipment of Rachel's band are loaded aboard from a truck. A limousine pulls up and Rachel gets out with Guido and Court, who is clearly acting as her bodyguard.

She greets some members of the band and others who will be part of her entourage. A Roadie has her luggage removed from the limo and loaded aboard the plane. Devaney is trying to hurry her on board.

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ANGLE - GROUP

As Rachel and the others prepare to get onto the plane, Guido reacts to something O.S.

ANGLE - FRANK

approaches from the nearby parking area. He is pale. Under his clothes it can be seen that his torso is still taped. He smiles as Guido approaches to greet him.

GUIDO
Hey, you lookin' for a beesh?

Their handshake becomes a quick abrazo.

FRANK
How's it going?

GUIDO
Under control. But it won't be the same... ya mutt.

Guido fakes a glancing blow to Frank's chin. Devaney looks after her as Rachel approaches and Guido moves back toward the plane. Devaney waves in Frank's direction, tapping his watch to indicate they are late. Frank waves and smiles in acknowledgment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rachel's surprised to see Frank, but clearly happy.

RACHEL
How are you doing?

FRANK
You should know, you talk to my doctors more than I do.

She laughs.

RACHEL
You shouldn't be here.

There is a pause.

RACHEL
So, you're quitting show business?

FRANK
Yeah.

RACHEL
Too bad. You had talent. What are you going to do?

FRANK
I thought I might hole up with my dad.
(pats his bandaged torso)
Finish that chess game.

Rachel nods approvingly.

RACHEL
Get him when Fletcher's not around.

FRANK
That's the idea.

Rachel starts to cry.

FRANK
So, how's the new guy?

RACHEL
He's got white hair, Frank.

FRANK
He's very good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
Why'd you have to get me an old man?

FRANK
I don't trust you.

RACHEL
Yeah... well, give me a kiss and let's get this over with.

Frank takes her and gives her an awkward hug.. They kiss.

FRANK
Bye, 'Rachel.

Rachel turns quickly. She almost runs up the boarding ladder. Frank remains watching her.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Rachel takes a seat beside Devaney, he looks at her.

DEVANEY
That wasn't bad.
(he sees her tears)
You okay?

Rachel is in her own world. Devaney passes the word on to get moving, the ENGINES WARM UP. Rachel turns and sees Frank still standing there looking at her.

RACHEL
Wait...

EXT. TARMAC - DAY

Rachel races down the steps and runs to Frank who takes her in his arms. They embrace and kiss. They kiss again and again. Finally, slowly, Rachel draws back, her eyes are filled with tears.

RACHEL
Remember when you said you'd risk your life for me?

Frank tries to break in, but she won't let him interrupt.

RACHEL
I didn't really believe it then. So few people ever do what they say they're going to. But you did, Frank. You did it. You did it for me.

Frank tries to speak she puts her hands to his lips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
Don't wreck this for me. I don't want to hear any bullshit about you just doing your job. You did more than save my life, Frank. You gave it back to me.
(a beat)
What am I gonna do without you?

FRANK
What am I gonna do without you?

She presses something into Frank's hand.

RACHEL
Here... I want you to keep this. If you ever need me, you just put this on and no matter where you are I will find you. I promise.

She gives him a quick kiss and walks back toward the plane, her eyes holding Frank's. Frank opens his palm to reveal the little enamel cross.

ON FRANK

as the ENGINES ROAR to life and the plane turns to taxi out.

The ROAR of the plane becomes applause.

EXT. CONCERT - NIGHT

Rachel's face in FULL FRAME, bathed in light and the applause of a huge audience.

RACHEL
Thank you... thank you... now I want to sing you an old song, but it's become a new favorite.

Rachel begins singing the song "Baby I Need Your Love" -- slow and sweet -- it's the song she and Frank danced to. As a verse trails off --

CUT TO:

INT. CLERMONT HOTEL (IOWA CITY) - NIGHT

It is a Rotary Dinner. The CAMERA TRACKS along the front of the head table which runs from one side of the room to the other. The voice of the ROTARY PRESIDENT can be heard O.S.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROTARY PRESIDENT (O.S.)
Our speaker this evening, the honorable congressman from the fifth district, Galen Windsor, has been a lone, courageous, voice... he alone has challenged those who have linked organized crime with legitimate business throughout our state.

STILL TRACKING, we see the Rotary President as he nods to a distinguished-looking gentleman one seat to his right. On the wall a sign identifying the hotel and a club banner which reads -- THE ROTARY CLUB OF IOWA CITY. The CAMERA CONTINUES to TRACK and the Rotary President goes OUT OF FRAME.

ROTARY PRESIDENT (O.S.)
But first our benediction will be delivered by Reverend Phillip Hardy of the First Presbyterian Church.

STILL TRACKING we see the Reverend get up as the men around him bow their heads.

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REVEREND HARDY
Heavenly Father, please bless us today as we meet in friendship and duty.

STILL TRACKING we reach the end of the table.

REVEREND HARDY (O.S.)
And Lord, whatever dangerous endeavors those among us may take, let them never be without your sanctuary.

The CAMERA STOPS. Standing against the wall behind the table is Frank. As the Reverend's prayer goes on, all heads are bowed to receive the benediction. All heads but Frank's. The CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT ON HIS FACE.

REVEREND HARDY (O.S.)
... For all we know in our hearts that even though we may walk the shadow of the valley of death, you are with us... guiding and protecting us. Amen.

The Reverend's final words seque into Rachel's SONG. Frank's searching gaze around the room is arrested for a moment as though reacting to Rachel's voice.

CUT TO:

RACHEL

ends a phrase. She dabs at the corner of her eye as she continues the song that still binds them together.

CUT TO:

VERY CLOSE ON FRANK

His expression, so intense in the opening scene of the film, is softer now. Rachel's voice continues as Frank carefully scans the room.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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